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**London**

**[18--]**

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# THE GREAT MONSTER SONG BOOK,

THE LARGEST AND BEST COLLECTION OF SONGS  
EVER PUBLISHED.



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Afloat on the ocean  
April is my mistress'  
face  
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Dearest, then, I'll love  
thee more  
Do not mingle  
Drunk I was last night  
Every man take a glass  
Faith in one another  
Fairy Well  
Farewell, thou coast  
of glory  
Generous Farmer  
Go, lovely Rose  
Heaving the lead  
Happy Land  
Halls of my fathers  
Her mouth with a smile  
Had she not care enough  
Health to all good lasses  
Her form was fair  
Haste, for the Summer  
is flying  
Hail to thee, Tyrol

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# Monster Songster.



ONE KINDLY WORD BEFORE WE PART.

*Air.—“Forty Years Ago.”*

One kindly word before we part,  
One word besides farewell,  
For that would ever haunt my heart  
Like some most mournful knell;  
Oh! speak to me, speak to me,  
As I have heard thy tone,  
For when I say farewell to thee,  
For ever I'm alone.



One kindly look, it is the last,  
Then let the last be kind,  
For in the memory of the past,  
My solace I must find;  
Oh! gaze on me, gaze on me,  
As oft times thou hast done,  
For when I say farewell to thee,  
For ever I'm alone.

## Thou art gone from my gaze.

[Music—at Jeffreys and Co's.]

THOU art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream  
And I seek thee in vain by meadow and stream;  
Oft I breath thy dear name to the winds floating by,  
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's love sigh.  
In the stillness of night, when the stars mildly shine,  
My heart fondly holds a communion with thine;  
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,  
That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.  
Of the birds in thy bow's companions I make,  
Ev'ry simple wild-flower do I prize for thy sake;  
In deep woods and dark wilds now a pleasure impart,  
For thy solitude suits my sad sorrow-worn heart.  
Thou art gone from my gaze, but I will not repine;  
Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine  
For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,  
That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

## Love's young dream.

[Music at Cramer and Co's.]

OH, the days are gone, when happy bright  
My heart's chain had none;  
When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come  
Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.  
Oh there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.  
Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth's past;  
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,  
That smile at last;  
He'll never meet  
A joy so sweet  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when he first sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear  
The one lov'd name.  
Oh, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot;  
Which first love traced;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste!  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon, as shed;  
'Twas morning's winged dream:  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream!  
Oh, 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again,  
On life's dull stream.

## 'Tis I that love her best.

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

THE gentle stars are peeping,  
At midnight's holy hour,  
Where saints are vigils keeping,  
Within my lady's tow'r;  
Though planets shine above her,  
And spirits guard her rest,  
Amid the host that love her,  
'Tis I that love her best.  
Gay steeds are proudly neighing,  
And prancing all the while,  
Where minstrel bands are playing,  
To win one maiden smile:  
Watch on! ye powers above her,  
Let music charm her rest,  
Though all the world doth love her,  
'Tis I that love her best.

## The happy days of yore.

[Music—at Toddler and Co's.]

MY heart is gladly beating, as I tread  
The scene once more,  
Where my boyhood gently sav'd, in  
The happy days of yore;  
And I greet the zephyr's melody, that  
round me sweetly plays  
For its tune is still as joyous, as it was  
In childhood's days.  
My heart is gladly, &c.  
The fragrant breath of summer, would  
fan the boyish brow,  
That once so fair, by cruel care, is  
sattily alter'd now;  
For the glossy tresses in which  
that brow was drest,  
Have faded 'neath the hand of time,  
into a snowy crest.  
My heart is gladly, &c.  
The green and waving meadow, the bed  
of fragrant thyme,  
The flowers fair, all seem to wear the  
dress of olden time;  
The wavelets on the river still seek the  
sunny track,  
And vanish like the golden hopes, that  
never can come back.  
My heart is gladly, &c.

## Live and let live.

[Music—at Moss and Co's.]

LIVE and let live—'tis the great law of  
nature,  
Man to his fellow should ever be  
kind;  
He, whose high bounty, protects every  
creature,  
Taught us to practise this precept  
divine.  
Wide is the world, and the various in  
station,  
Each, to his neighbour good wishes  
may give;  
All men belong to humanity's nation,  
Nature's great law is, to live and let  
live  
Live and let live—'tis the aim of our  
being,  
The rich and the poor on each other  
depend;  
All men are equal before the All-seeing,  
Each in his turn, stands in need of a  
friend.  
Be, to a foe in distress, like a brother,  
Oh! it is sweet to forget and forgive;  
Love all that is lovely, be kind to each  
other,  
Nature's best law is, to live and let  
live.

## 'Twas thy lov'd voice, and thine alone.

[Music—at Cocks and Co's.]

IN spring time, when with agile wing  
The swallow skims the verdant lawn,  
And gaily birds are heard to sing  
Each gentle eve or dewy morn;  
Tho' lovely sounds their joyous tone  
With sweetest notes of soothing  
measure,  
'Twas thy lov'd voice, and thine alone,  
That charm'd my heart with sacred  
pleasure.  
A captive to each native grace,  
My heart was bound in chains to  
thee;  
Enraptured—oh, I lov'd to trace  
Each smile thy eyes oft gave to me.  
The sweetest bird amid the bowers,  
Would sing unheard, tho' rich her  
tone;  
The magic of those fleeting hours  
Was thy lov'd voice, & thine alone.

## The Wishing-gate.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

'T'WAS, on Michaelmas eve, and rather late,  
Young Fanny went out to the wishing-  
gate;  
For she had heard the gossips tell  
That was the spot where the fairies  
dwell;  
The fairies who granted to maidens  
dear,  
Whatever they asked at that time of  
year;  
So Fanny she went—her luck to try  
At the wishing gate 'neath the starlight  
sky.  
But yet you shall hear, when the  
tale I state,  
That Fanny repeated the Wishing-  
gate.  
'I wish for,'—'I wish for,'—and  
how she sigh'd.  
'I wish I had a carriage, and grooms  
beside,  
I wish I had jewels—a wardrobe fine—  
Oh, what a dash at the ball I'd shine!  
I'd marry the richest in the land,  
And nobles and princes should ask my  
hand.  
And as for young Harry, but never mind,  
He must think himself happy to ride  
behind.'  
Oh, little she knew, tho' the truth I  
state,  
Young Harry stood close to the  
Wishing-gate.  
When Fanny went home, as the story's  
told,  
She had heaps of fine dresses and fairy  
gold;  
Her footmen awaited their lady's call,  
And she went in her carriage to grace  
the ball;  
Young Harry was there, but he knew  
her not.  
Each youth that approached her soon  
fled the spot;  
For though all her raiment was rich  
and gay,  
Her face was bewrinkled, her hair  
turn'd gray.  
So maidens beware of poor Fanny's  
fate,  
Don't ask too much at the Wishing-  
gate.

## April is my Mistress' face.

APRIL is my mistress' face,  
And July in her eyes hath place;  
Within her bosom is September,  
But in her heart is cold December.



## Song of the Haymakers.

THE country is hot, and our fore-  
heads are brown,  
Our palms are all shining & hard,  
And hard is our work, with the wain  
and the plough.  
Oh! but poor is our daily reward.  
But there's joy in the sunshine and  
mirth in the lark.  
That skims mistling over our  
head;  
Our spirit's a rare light, though our  
skins may be dark,  
And there's peace with our meal  
of brown bread.  
We dwell in the meadows and toil  
on the sod,  
Far away from the city's dull  
gloom;  
And more jolly are we, though in  
rage we may be.  
Than the pale faces over the town.  
Then a song and a cheer for the  
bonny green stack,  
Climbing up to the sun wide and  
high—  
For the pitchers and rakers, and  
merry haymakers,  
And a beautiful midsummer sky.  
Come forth, gentle ladies—come  
forth, noble sirs,  
Pray lend us your presence awhile,  
Your garments will take no stain  
from the burs,  
And a freckle won't tarnish your  
smile.  
Our carpet's as soft for your deli-  
cious feet,  
As the pile of your velveted floor,  
And the scent of our green award  
is as sweet,  
As the perfume of Arab's shore.  
Come forth, noble masters, come  
forth to the field,  
Where freshness and health may  
be found;  
Where the wild flowers are spread  
for the butterfly's bed,  
And the clover bloometh around.  
Then a song, &c.  
'Hold fast!' cries the waggoner,  
steady and quick,  
And then comes the hearty 'gee  
wo!'  
While the cunning old team horses  
manage to pick  
A sweet mouthful to munch as  
they go,  
The tawney-faced children come  
round us to play,  
And bravely they scatter the heap,  
Till the tiniest one, quite outspent  
by the fun,  
Is curled up with the sheep dog  
asleep.  
Old age sitteth down on the hay-  
cock's crown,  
At the close of our labouring day  
And wishes his life, like the grass  
at his feet,  
Maybe pure at its passing away.  
Then a song, &c.

## Farewell to thee, Land of my birth.

FAREWELL to thee, land of my  
birth,  
Farewell to thee, childhood's  
dear home;  
All thy sweet charms, mid sadness  
and mirth,  
Will haunt me wherever I roam.  
Ties of affection now must be  
broken,  
Links that have bound me many  
a year.  
Oft as I gaze on ev'ry lov'd token,  
Far will ever wait me there.

Farewell to thee, land of my birth,  
Farewell to thee, childhood's  
dear home;  
All thy sweet charms, mid sadness  
and mirth,  
Will haunt me wherever I roam.  
Night gathers round, deeper the  
shade,  
Valleys and hills fade with the  
light,  
Sleep, gentle sleep, lend me thy  
aid,  
In dreams bring them back to  
my sight;  
What tho' I go where wealth is  
displaying  
All its enchantment over the mind,  
Mid the gay halls my thoughts  
will be straying  
Back to the scenes I leave behind.  
Farewell to thee, &c.

## The Stolen Child.

ALONE on the heather a fair child  
was straying,  
Whose innocent features were  
brightened with joy;  
And as 'mid the flowers he careless  
was playing,  
My heart yearned with love, and  
I spoke to the boy:  
'Young stranger, whence art  
thou?'  
His blue eyes upturning,  
He answered, 'My home is yon  
tent on the plain;  
And ere the eve closes I must be  
returning,  
Or they will not let me roam  
hither again.'

'Do thy parents await thee?'  
He paused, and the gladness  
That mantled his brow was over-  
shaded in gloom,  
'I saw them but once,' and he  
added with sadness,  
'They tell me that both are  
asleep in the tomb.'  
The gipsy is kind, but my mother  
was fonder,  
She sang me so sweetly to rest  
in her arms;  
But now she is gone, and her dar-  
ling must wander  
Though the soft words she whis-  
pered my bosom still warms.  
'And soon will I seek them where  
both are reposing,  
And take my best flowers to  
plant by their side,  
That summer, when all their bright  
tints are unclosing,  
May bless the green turf with  
their beauty and pride.'  
He bounded away, as my tears  
were fast falling,  
To think how the gipsy such love  
had beguiled;  
I saw him no more, but the sad  
tale recalling,  
I often remember the poor stolen  
child

## Sleep, gentle lady.

SLEEP, gentle lady, flowers are  
closing,  
The very winds and waves are reposing:  
O, let our soft and soothing numbers  
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slum-  
bers;  
Peace be around thee, lady bright,  
Sleep, while we sing—good night,  
good night!

## My Father's Old Farm.

ONCE more I return to my dear native  
home,  
And from the old farm, ne'er again will  
I roam,  
'Twas on this sweet spot, with the  
reapers so gay,  
When youth seemed as bright as the  
sun's golden ray,  
'Twas here where my days of sweet  
infancy passed,  
I timed not the hours, for they flew by  
so fast,  
Those days are now gone—and I feel  
not the joy,  
In viewing those scenes as I did whilst  
a boy.  
Though sad, sad the heart, yet life still  
has a charm,  
I feel as I gaze on my Father's old  
farm:

They bless'd me—I left—they bade me  
be sure,  
With honour return, or return home no  
more,  
Long years have roll'd by—thoughts of  
them and this spot,  
Though absent they were, oh, they were  
not forgot.  
So poor, poor I left them, one bright  
beaming morn,  
With riches returned—like the leaf,  
they were gone,  
'Twas here I was born—my life's early  
days spent—  
'Tis here I will die, where I lived with  
content,  
Though sad, &c.

## Terence's Farewell.

SO, my Kathleen, you're going to  
leave me  
All alone by myself in this place;  
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,  
O no, if there's truth in that face.  
Though England's a beautiful city,  
Full of illigant boys, O what then!  
You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,  
You'll come back to old Ireland again.  
Och, those English deceivers by nature,  
Though maybe you'd think them sin-  
cere,  
They'll say you're a sweet, charming  
creature,  
But don't you believe them, my dear.  
No, Kathleen-agra! don't be minding  
The flattering speeches they'd make,  
Just tell them a poor lad in Ireland  
Is breaking his heart for your sake.  
It's a folly to keep you from going,  
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case,  
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no  
knowing  
When next I shall see your swate face.  
And when you come back to me, Kath-  
leen,  
None the better will I be off then;  
You'll be speaking such beautiful English,  
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Aye now, where's the need of this hurry?  
Don't fluster me so in this way;  
I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the hurry,  
Every word I was maning to say.  
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye;  
Can I talk if ye bother me so?  
Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,  
Every inch of the way that you go.

## Write to me.

OH, write to me,  
Where'er thou be!  
One little line, if but to tell  
That thou art happy, thou art well!  
If not a line—one single word,  
Think, think what rapture 'twill afford  
This breast, wherein thine image dear  
Dwells like a seraph in its sphere,  
To know that line was traced by thee,  
Where'er thou art, where'er thou be.

Oh, write to me, &c.

Oh, write to me,  
By land or sea!  
I'll watch its coming, as the ray  
Which telleth of returning day,  
And while I break its ruby seal,  
More pure delight this heart will feel,  
Than infant lips in dreams of bliss,  
Saluted by an angel's kiss!  
'Tis all I ask—one word from thee,  
Where'er thou art, where'er thou be.  
Oh, write to me, &c.

## Child of the Sun.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

CHILD of the sun, unhappy slave,  
Thy spirit must not dare  
To gaze on charms that Nature gave  
So wonderfully fair!  
With soul that is denied the free,  
To feel, to weep, to sigh,  
The only privilege would be  
To worship, and to die.  
Dark is thy hue, as that of night,  
And yet with softened ray  
There beams from Heav'n itself a light  
To waken night to day;  
Thus, if the light so lov'd by thee,  
Were only gleaming now,  
How blest the privilege would be  
To worship, and to die.

## They say there is some distant land.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

THEY say there is some distant land,  
Some shores from these remote,  
Where this dark shadow doth the brand  
Of servitude denote;  
When man to bondage and disgrace,  
His fellow man can bind,  
And with such marks he can't efface  
May even change the mind.  
Yet here, where woman's charms  
Abound,  
Where'er her beauty reigns,  
And throws its soft enchantment round,  
How welcome are our chains!  
For if by her for ever doomed  
In fetters thus to see  
Lives in slavery consumed,  
Oh, who would e'er be free?

## There is nothing so perplexing.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

THERE is nothing so perplexing,  
So uncertain, and so vexing,  
So alarming, and so frightful,  
Yet so tender and delightful,  
As what, "love making" they call.  
But, there's no one knows the bother,  
When you make it for another,  
To be ardent—then be pleasant,—  
And to fear, if he were present,  
He might stand no chance at all.  
, attempting the revealing,  
assion without feeling,  
follies always blinking,  
she's certain you are thinking  
of person than of self!

'Tis a question for a father  
To determine, whether rather,  
If on him to prize such beauty  
For his son, devolve the duty,  
He won't marry her himself

## I Feel that thou art changed to me.

[Music—at Robinson's.]

I FEEL that thou art changed to me,  
And would a happier lot were mine;  
Yet deem'd I not such change could be  
In heart that vowed to love like thine.  
I know thou wouldst not have me feel  
The anguish of a parting sigh;  
Yet vain thine efforts to conceal  
That we are changed—both you & I.  
I know my voice has lost its spell,  
I know my song can charm no more;  
Thy few but saddened glances tell  
Love's sweet but fatal dream is o'er.  
Some other now hath won thy heart  
On whom thy hopes will now rely—  
'Twere better then that we should part,  
And part for ever—you and I.

## The Male Coquet.

I'LL tell you a little story

Of a very nice young man;  
The case I'll lay before ye  
In the mildest form I can.  
This man was vain, a male coquet,  
Made love to every girl he met,  
And when he thought he gained the day,  
He'd take his hat, and walk away,  
With his fal, lal, la la,  
Good bye love,  
Fal lal, la la, la la, la,  
Fal, lal la la, la la.

At length by a freak of nature,  
This nice young man was caught  
By a very pretty creature,  
Who did as all young ladies ought.  
She'd wealth in store, and that you  
know,  
Goes a great way to procure a beau,  
And then it was as people say,  
He had no mind to walk away,  
With his fal, lal, la la, &c.

Behold them at the altar;  
The parson questioned, so,  
"Wilt thou take this man for thy  
husband?"

She straightway answered "No!"  
"Why, you promised me." "Oh, yes,  
that's true;  
Many have been promised, sir, by you;  
Go first fulfill your vows with all,  
And then, perhaps you'll give a call,  
With your fal, lal, la la, &c.

He stormed and raved like thunder,  
And flew unto the door,  
And there he found—no wonder—  
Twenty laughing girls, or more.  
"You're welcome here, my darling boy;  
You see we've come to wish you joy."  
"Go hang you all!" he was heard to  
say,

Then, like a shot he flew away,  
With his fal, lal, la la, &c.

## When I met the first in May.

[Music—at Wessel's.]

WHEN I met the first in May  
From my dreams will ne'er depart,  
From the germ of love that day  
Had been planted in my heart;  
A bud was in the bower,  
Where we heard the throstle sing,  
And my love was like that flower,  
When first we met in spring.

When next again we met,  
It was summer's glowing prime,  
And my love grown stronger yet  
Took its ardour from the time;  
There was fruit upon the bough,  
As we watched the sun decline,  
And I thought the fruit was now  
Like that ripened love of mine.

Robed in autumn's mellow suit,  
Did we next that bower see,  
And the blossom, and the fruit  
Had been gathered from the tree;  
And I said my love alone  
Would in winter ne'er decay,  
So I won thee for mine own,  
As the bride I wooed in May.

## The Maid of Switzerland.

[Music—at Cocks and Co's.]

I SAW her but a fleeting hour,  
The pride of fair Lucerne,  
Where blossoms hang in ev'ry bow'r  
At gentle Spring's return,  
And tho' now distant far the day  
When o'er the vales I roved,  
Yet time can never fade away  
Her form so fondly loved!  
And still my thoughts for ever turn  
To thee, sweet maid of fair Lucerne.  
And still, &c.

The Spring is bright in Switzerland,  
The joyous hunter roves,  
The torrents foam as madly grand,  
The flowers deck the grove.  
But where is she, the loved, the true,  
So glad in days of yore?  
She sleeps in peace, beneath the yew  
That droops along the shore.  
And still my thoughts for ever turn  
To her low grave, by fair Lucerne.

## Young Agnès.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]

YOUNG Agnès, beauteous flow'r,  
Sweet as blooming May;  
One evening from her tow'r  
Thus pour'd her tender lay:  
The night now hath spread its shade,  
And 'twill hide thee from all;  
Then haste to thy faithful maid,  
Darkness veils bow'r and hall,  
Then haste beneath her tow'r,  
Dost thou not hear Love's call.

The silent hour invites thee,  
No star sheds its ray,  
No danger, love, affrights thee,  
Wherefore, then, dost thou stay?  
When sunbeams illumine the sky  
Guardians then may appal,  
But now closed is every eye  
Let thy steps gently fall,  
The silent hour invites thee,  
Dost thou not hear Love's call.

## Smiling Faces.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

I LOVE to gaze on smiling faces,  
Beaming merry mirth and glee,  
Of all creation's charms, or graces,  
None are half so fair to me.  
Life is full of joy and sorrow;  
But while sorrow's form we see,  
Joy from some heart may borrow—  
Oh! a smiling face for me.

When I gaze on smiling faces,  
Though my spirits may be sad,  
Their very sight all grief erases,  
And I smile to see them glad.  
Some say smiles are oft deceiving,  
While I own some such may be;  
There are many worth believing—  
Oh! a smiling face for me.

## Is There A Heart.

Is there a heart that never loved?  
Nor felt soft woman's sigh!  
Is there a man can mark unmoved,  
Dear woman's tearful eye?  
Oh, bear him to some distant shore,  
Or solitary cell, [roar,  
Where nought but savage monsters  
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,  
A language in her tear,  
A spell in every sacred sigh,  
To man—to virtue dear.  
And he who can resist her smiles,  
With brutes alone should live;  
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,  
That joy her virtues give.

## Drink to me only with thine Eyes.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It would not wither'd be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me;  
Since then, it grows & smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

## When King Arthur.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,  
To wear long hanging sleeves,  
He entertained three serving men,  
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,  
The second was a Scot;  
The third he was a Welchman,  
And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman he loved usquebaugh,  
The Scot lov'd ale called blue-tap,  
The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,  
And made his mouth a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman's  
throat,  
The Scot was drown'd in ale,  
The Welchman had like to have been  
chok'd by a mouse,  
And he pulled it out by the tail.

## Love and Glory.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth,  
As ever graced a martial story;  
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,  
She sigh'd for love and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,  
And told her many gallant story;  
Till war, their honest joys to blight,  
Called him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,  
Jane follow'd—fought, ah! hapless  
story;

In man's attire, by Henry's side,  
She died for love, and he for glory.

## My Highland Home.

MY Highland home, where tempests  
blow,  
And cold thy wintry looks,  
Thy mountains crown'd wi' driven  
snow,  
And ice-bound are thy brooks;  
But colder far's the Briton's heart,  
However far he roams,  
To whom those words no joy impart,  
'My native Highland home.'

### CHORUS.

Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,  
We ne'er again shall roam,  
And with thy smile, so bonny, cheer  
My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather-bell  
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;  
The tender dove, within the dell,  
Invite to peace and love;  
For blithesome is the breath of day,  
And sweet the bonny broom,  
And pure the dimpling rills that play,  
Around my Highland home.  
Then gang wi' me, &c.

## Kitty of Coleraine.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was  
tripping  
With a pitcher of milk from the fair  
of Coleraine.  
When she saw me, she stumbled, the  
pitcher it tumbled,  
And all the sweet butter-milk water'd  
the plain.

Ch! what shall I do now? 'twas look-  
ing at you now,  
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er  
meet again;  
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Bar-  
ney M'Leary,  
You're sent as a plague to the girls  
of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did  
chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give  
her such pain,  
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did  
leave her,  
She vow'd for such pleasures she'd  
break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell  
the reason,  
Misfortunes will never come single  
'tis plain,  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disas-  
ter,  
The devil a pitcher was whole in  
Coleraine.

## When Vulcan forg'd the BOLTS OF JOVE.

When Vulcan forg'd the bolts of Jove,  
In Etna's roaring glow,  
Neptune petition'd he might prove  
Their use and power below;  
But finding in the boundless deep,  
Such wonders would idly sleep,  
He with them arm'd Britannia's band,  
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the awful right,  
'And when thro' circling flame,  
She darts her vengeance in the fight,  
May justice guide her aim!  
While if assa'd in future wars,  
Her soldiers brave and gallant tars,  
Shall launch her fires from every hand,  
On ev'ry foe to Britain's land.

## The Life of an Actor.

AN actor's a comical dog,  
Now frisky, now dull as a log;  
So changeable all,  
Now short, and now tall,  
Now plump, then as slim as a frog.

Now Paddy the brogue he puts on,  
Then struts with the pride of a Don,  
Now a French oui Mounseieur,  
Then a Dutch yaw Mynheer,  
Or bra' Donald the head of his clan,

How rarely they take in the town,  
From one shilling up to a crown!  
Thay pant, and they cry,  
Fight, tumble, and die,  
But laugh when the curtain is down.

## Nobody comes to Marry Me.

LAST night the dogs did bark,  
I went to the gate to see,  
When ev'ry lass had her spark,  
But nobody comes to me.

And it's ho, dear, what will become  
of me?  
Oh, dear, what shall I do?  
Nobody coming to marry me,  
Nobody coming to woo.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,  
My mother does nothing but spin;  
And I am a pretty young girl,  
But the money comes slowly in,  
And it's ho, dear, &c.

They say I am beauteous and fair,  
They say I am scornful and proud,  
Alas! I must now despair,  
For, ah, I am grown very old,  
And it's ho, dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid;  
Oh, dear, how shocking the thought  
And all my beauty must fade,  
But I'm sure it is not my fault,  
And it's oh, dear, &c.

## But I wur Yorkshire too.

BY the side o' brig that stands over a  
brook,  
I were sent betimes to school,  
I went wi' the stream, as I studied my  
book,  
And was thought to be no small fool;  
I ne'er yet bought a pig in a poke,  
To gi' old Nick his due,  
Yet I ha' asalt wi' Yorkshire folk,  
But I wur Yorkshire too.

I wur pretty well liked by each village  
maid,  
At races, wake, or fair,  
For my feyther had got a vast in trade,  
And I wur his son to a hair;  
And seeing I did not want for brass,  
Gay maidens come to woo,  
But though I liked a Yorkshire lass,  
Yet I wur Yorkshire too.

Thon to Lunnun by feyther I wur sent,  
Genteeler manners to see;  
But fashion's too dear—I came back as  
I went,  
And so they made nothing o' me;  
My kind relations would soon ha' found  
out  
What 'twur best wi' my money to do,  
But say I, my dear cousins, I thank ye  
for naught,  
I's not to be



## The Minstrel Boy.

Published by D'Almain and Co., Soho Square.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he has girdled on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,  
"Though all the world betrays thee,  
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,

One faithful harp shall praise thee."  
The Minstrel fell—but the foe's man's  
ohain

Could not bring his proud soul under:  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery."

## I turn to thee.

Published by Hopkinson, Oxford-st.

I TURN'D to thee, in youth's bright  
hour,

Mid ev'ry hope and fear,  
And even then thou hadst the power  
To dry each passing tear.  
E'en then thou wert so fondly loved,  
And all the world to me:  
Thy tender kindness I had proved,  
And turn'd, dear love, to thee.

I turn to thee now care has laid  
Her hand upon my brow,  
And like an angel's holy aid  
Thy smile still cheers me now.  
The gifts of fortune I resign,  
If thou art but with me;  
If I may fondly call thee mine,  
And turn, dear love, to thee.

I'll turn to thee, when age shall lay  
His snows upon thy head;  
Then bright may be life's wintry day  
Tho' youth's spring-morn hath fled.  
And thinking on the peace and joy  
Thy smile hath shed o'er me,  
With mem'ry's blessing, hope's sweet  
pray'r,  
I'll turn, dear love, to thee.

## The Last Rose of Summer.

Published by Cramer and Co., Regent Street.

'TIS the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on thy stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flow'ry;  
Oh, who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

## The Keepsake.

A SEQUEL TO THE CAVALIER.

Published by Addison and Co., Regent Street.

ON a fine summer's day,  
As the "Cavalier" lay  
At his length in the greenwood shade,  
A pretty page boy,  
With a face full of joy,  
Came cantering up the glade;  
One moment he stopp'd,  
A packet he dropp'd,  
Then off like an arrow he flew,  
And the Cavalier found  
There was left on the ground,  
A small case, with a small billet-doux.

The note was not long,  
It was dated "Hong Kong,"  
Short and sweet, as a letter should be,  
There was sketch'd in the middle,  
A youth with a fiddle,  
And under them "fiddle-de-dee."  
He turn'd it about,  
"Meant for me, I've no doubt,  
Some contemptible rival, that's plain;  
If I knew who it was,  
I would cudgel him—poz!  
He should not be so pleasant again.

He read on—thus it ran,  
"Much misguided young man,  
To suppose that for night after night,  
Merely twanging guitars,  
Tink-a-tink to the stars,  
A lady thy love would requite;  
Still it's hard to be told,  
When you've sang in the cold,  
That you're not to have any reward,  
So this billet I've penn'd,  
And, along with it send,  
Just a trifle, to show my regard."

Joy, conceit, and surprise,  
Flash'd at once from his eyes,  
As he read out aloud as above,  
"Tra, la la," carolled he,  
"I half thought so—it's she!  
It's a hint to return to my love."  
He twitch'd his cravat,  
Gave a tap on his hat,  
Then—sank on the grass in a swoon!  
For, on opening the case,  
He beheld—his own face,  
Looking wofully long, in—a spoon.

## Do not mingle.

DO not mingle one human feeling [ing,  
With these blisses o'er each sense steal—  
While these tributes to me revealing,  
Elvino faithful to his love,  
Ah! embrace me—while thus forgiving,  
Each a pardon thus receiving;  
On the earth, while we are living,  
We will form a heaven of love.

## My Pretty Jane.

Sung by Mrs. Sims Reeve.

Music Published by D'Almain and Co., Soho-square.

MY pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,  
Ah, never look so shy,  
But meet me, meet me in the evening,  
When the bloom is on the rye.  
The spring is waning fast, my love,  
The corn is in the ear,  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear.  
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,  
Ah, never look so shy,  
But meet me, meet me in the evening,  
While the bloom is on the rye.  
Then name the day, the wedding day,  
And I will buy the ring,  
The lads and maids in favours white,  
And the villages-bells shall ring.  
The spring is waning fast, my love,  
The corn is in the ear,  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear.  
Then pretty Jane, &c.

## Remember, love, remember

'T WAS ten o'clock one moonlight night,  
I ever shall remember,  
When every star shone twinkling bright,  
In frosty dark December.  
When at the window, tap, tap, tap,  
I heard a certain well known rap,  
And with it breath'd these words most  
clear,

Remember ten o'clock, my dear,  
Remember, love, remember.

My mother dozed before the fire,  
My dad his pipe was smoking,  
I dared not for the world retire—  
Now was not that provoking?  
At length the old folks fast asleep,  
I flew my promised word to keep,  
And sure his absence to denote,  
He on the window shutters wrote,  
Remember, love, remember.

## Meet me, dearest.

Music published at No. 4, Exeter Hall.

MEET me, dearest, when the bees  
Have sped their homeward flight,  
Where blackbird in his favourite thorn  
Outpours his love's good night;  
Where flowers that breath'd the wood-  
land's side,  
Be cup'd wi' early dew,  
Are kissing every gay young breeze  
That roves their leaflets through.  
Dearest love, mine ever dearest,  
Meet again! oh, meet me there

Meet me, dearest, fond we'll stroll  
Adown the lovesome way;  
And whispering joys in other's arms,  
Neath roselets trimm'd with May,  
Till, as the glow-worm lights her lamp  
Where dance the fairy train,  
We'll bid good bye, my only love,  
And wish 'twere eve again!  
Dearest love &c.



### The Cavalier.

"TWAS a beautiful night,  
And the stars shone bright,  
And the moon on the waters played,  
When a gay cavalier,  
At a bower drew near,  
A lady to serenade.

To tenderest words,  
He sweetly his sherdy,  
While many a sigh breathed he,  
And o'er and o'er,  
He fondly swore,  
"Sweet maid, I love but thee,  
Sweet maid, sweet maid, I love but thee."

He raised his eyes  
To the lattice high,  
While he fondly breathed his hopes,  
With amazement he sees,  
Swing about by the breeze,  
All ready a ladder of ropes.  
Up, up, he is gone,  
The bird it is down,

"What's this on the ground?"  
He quoth he.

"It is plain that she loves,  
Here's a gentleman's gloves  
And they never belonged to me—  
These gloves, these gloves, they  
never belonged to me."

You all would have thought,  
He'd have followed and fought,  
That being a duelling age,  
But this gay cavalier  
Quite scorned the idea  
Of putting himself in a rage;  
More wise by far,  
He put up his guitar,  
And as homeward he went sung he,  
"When a lady elopes,  
Down a ladder of ropes,  
She may go to Hong Kong for me—  
She may go, she may go, to Hong  
Kong for me."

### Her Face was fair.

HIS face was fair as those we view  
Night hath lit her shrine  
Of dreams;

Her eyes were violets bathed in dew,  
Her voice the music of the stream,  
That forth hath perished like the bloom

Whose beauty's of unearthly root,  
Those eyes are shrouded in the tomb,  
The voice hath fled where ad is mute

And thus must beauty's self decay,  
And leave no trace of aught so fair:

Fleet as passing summer's ray,  
Like fragrance on the morning air,  
And shall the light no more illumine  
Those pale, and dim, and death  
seal'd eyes?

Oh; yes, immortal from the tomb,  
The beautiful we love shall rise.

### Farewell, thou Coast of Glory.

FAREWELL thou coast of glory,  
Where dwell my aires of yore,  
Their names, their mortal story,  
Yours triumphal temple store.

Farewell to thine isle of beauty  
Where blooms the mabel flower,  
Fond thoughts in pleasing duty,  
Around her ever rove.

### Little Fools & Great Ones.

WHEN at the social board you sit,  
And pass around the wine,  
Remember, though abuse is vile,  
That use may be divine:  
That heaven in kindness gave the grape  
To cheer both great and small,  
That little fools will drink too much,  
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too-fleeting hours,  
You roam the earth alone,  
And have not sought some loving heart  
That you may make your own:  
Remember woman's priceless worth,  
And think, when pleasures pall,  
That little fools will love too much,  
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,  
Absolve poor human kind,  
Nor rail against your fellow man,  
With malice in your mind,  
But in your daily intercourse,  
Remember, lest you fall,  
That little fools confide too much,  
But great ones not at all.

In weal, or woe, be trusted still,  
And in the deepest care  
Be bold and resolute, and shun  
The coward foe Despair.  
Let work and hope go hand-in-hand;  
And know, what'er befall,  
That little fools may hope too much,  
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,  
Your rule be still the same,  
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,  
Your love a steady flame;  
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,  
So shall your bliss not pall,  
For little fools enjoy too much,  
But great ones not at all.

### Haste, for the Summer is flying.

HASTE, for the summer is flying,  
Soon will its blossoms be past;  
Waste not the moment in sighing,  
But let us be gay to the last.  
Sages would have us to measure  
Each hour by the turn of the glass;  
But the moments most freighted with  
pleasure,

Before we could count them, would  
pass.

Then haste, &c.  
Like the bee or the butterfly, ranging  
From flower to flower, let us on,  
The sweet for still sweeter exchanging,  
Regardless of those that are gone.  
Alas! for the summer is flying;  
Soon will its blossoms be past;  
Waste not the moments in sighing,  
But let us be gay to the last.

Then haste, &c.  
If a cloud, when we least may have  
thought it,

A gloom o'er the roses has lain,  
How oft the same breeze that has  
thought it

Dispels the intruder again!  
If winter at last must o'ertake us,  
As sooner or later he will,  
Is not that a reason to make us  
Of sunshine the charier still?

Then haste, &c.

### Nelly Machree.

Sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Mr.  
Hudson, in "Green Buses."

Air—"Thaddy, you Gander."

O H! Nelly Machree, come listen to  
me,

While I tell you the elegant life you  
will lead,  
When, to step in a lady of high degree,  
You put on your pumps and are hap-  
py indeed;

So fine you will shine, in your silks and  
your jewels,

Like a spark, if the air you will go  
waving along

Be the toast, and the boast, and the  
cause of our duels,

The theme of the story, the Queen of  
the song.

Air—"Garryewen."

Oh, talk not to me of your jewels and  
clothes,

Sure a girl may be happy however  
she's drest,

At your flaunting and dancing I'll turn  
up my nose,

For a cabin and pig with the boy I  
love best.

He might lade me then with ropes of  
snow,

While merrily every day would pass,  
But tie me to one for gould and show,

And I'd kick like a colt just wild  
from grass.

Oh! remember, though love has but  
ground for the flure,

And sorra a buckle to fasten his knee,  
He can rollick, and play, yet be more  
secure,

Than put on his manners with high  
degree.

Air—"The pretty girl milking her  
cow."

But think of your nights passed in  
pleasure,

Your rest ne'er by poverty broke,  
And how sweetly and calmly I'd trea-  
sure,

The headache I'd have when I woke,  
Could you know who would pay their  
devotions,

What great ones before you would  
bow

You'd leave all such countrified notions  
To some pretty girl milking her cow.

A king could I have for my father,  
While before me should quality bow,

You may wonder, but sure, I'd rather  
Some pretty girl milking her cow.

Could you know, &c. &c.

Air—"Irish"—Unknown.

Faix, Nell, since you refuse me now,  
I a royer sure shall be,

Vain you then will be sorrowing  
With another on my knee,

Ah! sure little such goshering,  
Takes effect on girls like me,

Go then whistle a jig or two,  
When your pipe will welcome be

Farewell; frolicking, flaunting, rollicking  
All in satins and silks so gay,

With due deference, I'd give preference  
To the freize jacket that buttons up  
honesty,

Ah! sure little such goshering, &c.

Faix, Nell, since you refuse me now, &c.

### If I Live to grow old.

Tune—"A Cocker there was."

If I live to grow old, as I find I go down,  
Let this be my fate, in a country town,  
May I have a warm house, with a stone  
at my gate,  
And a pretty young girl to rub my bald  
pate.

Down derry, down.

In a snug little cottage, by a murmuring  
brook,  
With the Sea at a distance, on which  
I may look,  
With a spacious field without hedge  
or stile,  
And a easy gray-ponney to ride out a  
mile.

Down derry, down.

With Horace & Plutarch, and one or  
two more,  
Of the best wits that lived in the ages  
befor,  
With a dish of roast beef, mutton, or  
veal,  
And a jug of brown beer, to all of my  
meals.

Down derry, down.

With a puddin on sunday, and stout  
humming lipuor,  
And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the  
vicar;  
With a hidden reserve of pale Brandy  
fine,  
To drink a friends health as oft as we  
dine.

Down derry, down.

And when I am dead, may the better  
sort say,  
He govern'd his passion with an abso-  
lute sway,  
In the morning sobar, in the evening  
mellow,  
He is gone, and han't left behind him  
his fellow.

Down derry, down.

### The Beggar and the Pope.

A begger got a beadle,  
A beadle got a yeoman,  
A yeoman got a prentice,  
A prentice got a freeman;  
The freeman got a master,  
The master got a lease;  
The lease made him a gentleman,  
And justice of the peace.

The justice being rich,  
And gallant in desire,  
He marry'd mith a lady,  
And he got a squire:  
The squire got a knight,  
Of courage bold and stout;  
The knight he got a lord,  
And so it came about.

The lord he got an earl;  
His country he forsook,  
He travell'd into Spain,  
And there got a duke;  
The duke he got a prince,  
The prince a king of hope;  
The king he got a emperor,  
The emperor got the pope.

Thus, as the story says,  
Then my pedigree is done,  
The pope he got to Rome,  
From which he soon did run,  
The French did by him stand,  
For he was in the lurch,  
So the beggar's brat is a  
Holy beggar of the church.

### An Ape, a Lion, a Fox.

An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass,  
Do shew forth man's life as it were in  
a glass;  
For apish we are till twenty and one,  
And after that lions, till forty be gone;  
Then willie as foxes till threescore and  
ten;  
But after that asses, and so no more  
men.

A dove, a sparrow, a parrot, a cow,  
As plainly sets forth how you women  
may know;  
Harmless they are till thirteen be gone,  
Then cunning as sparrows till forty  
draw on;  
Then prating as parrots till threescore  
be o're;  
Then birds of ill omen, and women no  
more.

### A Soldier and a Sailor.

A Soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a  
taylor,  
Had once a doubtful strife, sir,  
To make a maid a wife, sir,  
Whose name was buxome Joan;  
Whose name, &c.

The soldier swore like thunder,  
He loved her more then plunder;  
And shew'd her meny a scar, sir,  
Which he had brough from a far, sir,  
In fighting for her sake.

The taylor thought to please her,  
By offering her his measure:  
The tinker too, with metal,  
Said he wou'd mend her kettie,  
And stop-up every leak.

But while these three were prating,  
The sailor sily waiting,  
Thought, if it came about, sir,  
That thay should all fall out, sir,  
He then might play his part:

And just e'en as he meant, sir,  
To loggerheads thay went, sir,  
And then he let fly at her  
A shot 'twixt wind and water,  
Which won this fair maid's heart.

### The Windmill

YOU that love mirth, attend to my  
song;  
A moment you never can better employ  
Sawney and Teague whare trudging a  
long,  
A bonny Scots lad, and dear Irish boy,  
Thay never before had seen a wind-  
mill,  
Nor had they heard ever of any such  
name;  
As thay were walking,  
And merrily talking,  
At last, by mere chance, to a wind-mill  
they came.

Ha! ha! says Sawney, what do ye ca'  
that?  
To tell the right name o't am at a loss  
Teague very readily answered the Scot,  
Indeed I believe 'tis St. Patrick's cross  
Says Sawney, you'll find your sell mic-  
kle mistaken,  
For it is St. Andrew's cross, I can  
swear;  
For there is his bonnet,  
And tartans hang on it;

The plad and the trows our apostle did  
wear.

Nay, o'my shole, Poy, thou tallesht all  
lees,  
For that, I will swear, is St. Patrick's  
coat,  
I shee't him in Ireland buying the  
freeze;  
And that, I am sure, is the same that  
he bought:  
And he is a Shaint, much better then  
ever  
Made either the covenantah, shclemn,  
or league:

For 'o my shalwashion.  
He was my relation,  
And had a great kindness for honesht  
poor Teague.

Wherefor, says Teague, I will, by my  
shaul,  
Lay down my napshackle, and take  
out my beads,  
And under his holy cross, then I will  
fall,  
And shay Pater-noster, and some of  
my creeds.

So Teague began, with humble devot-  
ion,  
To kneel before St. Patrick's cross:  
The wind fell a-blowing,  
And set it a-going,  
And it gave poor Paddy a terrible toes

Sawney laughing, to see poor Teague  
Lay scratching his ears, and roll'd on  
the grass,  
Swearing it surely was the D—l's  
whirligig,  
And none, he roared out, of St. Pat-  
rick's cross.

But ish it in indeed, cries he in a  
passion,  
The cross of our Shaint that has cross  
me so sore?

Upon my shalwashion,  
This shall be a cawshion,  
To trust to St. Patrick's kindness no  
more.

### Wine does Wonders.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,  
Makes the heavy light and gay;  
Throws of all their melancholy:  
Makes the wisest go astray,  
And the busy toy and play,  
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wipe makes trembling cowards bold  
Men in years forgit they're old;  
Women leave their coy disdainning,  
Who till then were shy and cold,  
Makes a us'rer slight his gold,  
And the foppish entertaining.

### Busy, curious, thirsty Fly.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I,  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up;  
Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short, and wears away,  
Life is short, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hast'ning quick to their decline;  
Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
Tho' repeated to threescore;  
Threescore summers when they're  
gorn,  
Will appear as short as one,  
Will appear, &c.

## Don't be foolish, Joe.

WHEN I lived down in Tennessee,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,  
I went courting Rosa Lee,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,  
Eyes as dark as winter's night,  
Lips as red as berries bright:  
When wooing first we both did go,  
She said, No, don't be foolish, Joe,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,  
Courtin' down in Tennessee,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,  
Beneath the wild banana tree:

He said, you're a lolly gal, dat's  
plain,

U-li-a-li, o-la-e,  
Breff as sweet as sugar-cane,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,  
Feet so large, and comely too,  
Might make a cradle of each shoe;  
O Rosa, take me for your beau,  
She said 'No, don't be foolish, Joe,'

My story yet is to be told,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;  
Rosa caught a shocking cold,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;  
Send for the doctor and the nurse;  
Doctor came and made her worse;  
I tried to make her laugh; ah! no:  
She whispered "Don't be foolish,  
Joe."

Dey gib her up; no power could  
save,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;  
She ask me follow her to the grave,  
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;  
Take her hand; 'twas cold as  
death,  
So cold I hardly drew my breath;  
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,  
And said "No, don't be foolish,  
Joe."

## The Wife's Dream.

NOW tell me, Mary, how it is,  
that you can look so gay,  
When, ev'ning after ev'ning, your  
husband is away?  
I never see you sulk or pout, or  
say an angry word,  
And yet you've plenty cause for  
tears, if all be true I've heard.

"It is because, my sister dear, a  
husband you ne'er wed,  
Nor saw your children gath'ring  
round, & asking you for bread.  
You ne'er can know how it becomes  
a woman's lot thro' life,  
To be, e'en to a drunkard's faults,  
a patient loving-wife.

"And yet I can recall the time  
when bitter tears I shed,  
And when my husband stagger'd  
home, what angry words I said.  
I never thought that I could be as  
cheerful now I seem,  
Yet this happy change was brought  
about by a simple little dream.

"One ev'ning, as I sat beside our  
humble cottage door,  
And listen'd for my husband's  
step, as oft I'd done before.  
Some wicked thoughts came in my  
mind, and bitterly I said  
'I never wish to see him more,  
oh, would that he were dead!'

• They say the wretched cann  
sleep, yet surely 'tis not so.  
For very soon I fell asleep 'midst  
tears of grief and woe;  
I dreamt I had my wish fulfilled—  
my husband was no more—  
I fell upon his lifeless form, and  
kiss'd him o'er and o'er.

"Oh, Dermot, darling, speak to  
me, I meant not what I said,  
Oh, speak one word unto your  
wife—say, say you are not dead.  
'And sure, I'm not, my Mary  
dear!' I woke up with a scream,  
And found my husband standing  
by, his death was but a dream.

"And since that time, whene'er I  
feel disposed to be unkind,  
The warning of that fearful dream  
comes fresh before my mind.  
And though it costs me many a  
pang, to know the life he leads,  
I'll try to greet him with a smile,  
when oft my poor heart bleeds.

"I'll humbly put my trust in God,  
and ask for strength to bear  
The trials that He sends on earth  
for all of us to share;  
And if by patience I can change  
my husband's wand'ring life,  
I'll bless the hour that dream was  
sent to his neglected wife."

## I am thine, I am thine.

I'M thine, I'm thine," she oft  
would say,  
For ever thine!

Others' love may fade away  
But never mine."

Yet she now leaves my heart to  
grieve,

And break with woe,  
I scarce, I scarce her falsehood can  
believe.

I lov'd her so, I lov'd her so.

I scarce, I scarce, &c.

But love, farewell! I now for e'er  
The false one fly,  
Her image from my heart I'll tear,  
Then silent die.

I'll no more her falsehood regret.

Yet where'er I go,

I fear, I fear, I never can forget

I lov'd her so, I lov'd her so.

I fear, I fear, &c.

## Ole Virginny Shore.

OH, if I was only young again,  
I'd lead a different life;  
I'd save my money—buy a farm,  
And take Dinah for my wife.  
But now old age he holds me tight,  
And my limbs are growing sore,  
Den carry me back to Ole Virginny,  
To Ole Virginny shore.

Now ebery day de world goes round  
And pleasures from us run:

Oh, wouldn't I lead a happy life,  
If I was only young.

But now I am so feeble grown,

I cannot work any more,

Den carry me back to Ole Virginny,

To Ole Virginny shore.

Oh, when I'm dead and gone to rest

Lay de banjo by my side;  
Let de 'possum and 'coon to de  
funeral go.

For dey were my only pride.

In soft repose I'll take my sleep,

And I'll dream for eber more.

Den carry me back to Ole Virginny,

To Ole Virginny shore.

## I'll never love you more.

'TIS nor your beauty nor your wit  
That can my heart obtain,  
For they could never conquer yet  
Either my breast or brain;  
For if you'll not prove kind to me,  
And true as heretofore,  
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,  
Or dote upon you more.

Think not my fancy to overcome,  
By proving thus unkind;  
No smoothed slight, nor smiling frown,  
Can satisfy my mind.

Pray, let Platonics play such pranks,  
Such follies I deride;  
For love at least I will have thanks,  
And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,  
As I shall be with you,  
And let our actions be as free  
As virtue will allow.

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,  
If true, I'll constant be;  
If fortune chance to change your mind  
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know,

In equal terms do stand,

'Tis in your power to love or no,

Mine's likewise in my hand.

Dispense with your austerity,

Inconstancy abhor;

Or by great Cupid's Deity

I'll never love you more.

## Beautiful Bells.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, fairy-like  
bells,

How sweetly they float o'er the wild  
flow'ry dells,

There's a voice in each note of your  
eloquent chime,

Which recal to the lone heart some hap-  
pier time.

Beautiful, beautiful, through the still  
vale,

Borne on the wings of the soft balmy  
gale,

Like music from fairy land hovering  
round,

Soft echoes repeat'g the magical  
sound.

Beautiful, beautiful, 'airy-like bells,

How sweetly ye float down the wild  
flow'ry dells,

In murmuring cadences dying away,  
Chiming farewell to the fast fleeting day

Beautiful, &c.

Beautiful, beautiful, telling of rest,  
Breathing of peace to the wanderer's

breast,  
Waking the past with a tender regret,

Till we weep on the clay that we fain  
would forget.

Beautiful, &c.

Beautiful, beautiful, lyre-like bells,

How many a sad tale your melody  
tells,

Yet to earth's weary pilgrims ye bring  
a per of bliss,

Of a world that is fairer and brighter  
than this.

Beautiful, &c.



## Dearest, then, I'll Love thee more.

Published by Duff and Co., Oxford-st.

YES, I'll love thee, oh, how dearly,  
Words but faintly can express  
This fond heart beats too sincerely,  
E'er in life to love thee less!  
No, my fancy never ranges,  
Hopes like mine can never cease;  
If the love I cherish changes,  
It will be to love thee more.

Though the world has many sorrows,  
And perchance it may be ours,  
Love from tears a brightness borrows,  
Like the earth from summer showers.  
We will share our griefs and gladness,  
In the future as of yore;  
And in all your hours of sadness,  
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.  
Youth may pass, but ask not whether,  
When you're old I'll love as true;  
Shall we not grow old together,  
And Time's changes mark me, too?  
Life may cease, but then to heaven  
Will my pure affection soar;  
Yet, when freed from earthly leaven,  
Dearest, then, I'll love thee more.

## Let us be Happy Together.

Published by Jeffery's & Co., Soho-sq.

COME, let us be happy together,  
For where there's a will there's a way;  
And the heart may be light as a feather,  
If maxims like mine hold the sway:  
First pack up a store of contentment,  
Who knows not the way is a dunce;  
If wrong'd, never dream of resentment—  
Get rid of such folly at once!  
Listen to me! listen to me!  
Be kind, 'tis the way to meet kindness;  
If not, what's the use of regret?  
Rail not at the world for its blindness,  
But pity, forgive, and forget.  
Our old friends, no doubt, will be true  
friends;  
The longer, why love them the more;  
But shut not your eyes against new  
friends,  
Though one be but true in a score.  
Prize the one you have proved, as a jewel  
With which it were madness to part:  
Who would carelessly throw by the fuel  
That keeps up the warmth of the heart?  
Listen to me! listen to me!  
Of true souls how sweet the communion,  
Throughout the wide world as we  
roam;  
So preserve, then, the strong chain of  
union,  
Let us rivet the fond links at home.

## Madoline.

Published by Moss and Co., Argyll  
Street, Regent-street,

I DREAM of thee, sweet Madoline,  
So beautiful and bright,  
My memory weaves each look of thine  
With ev'ry thought of light.  
Thou art the music of my heart  
That whispers thro' each day,  
That speaks thy name in ev'ry breeze  
When far from thee away.  
I dream of thee, &c.  
I dream of thee, dear Madoline,  
Thro' life's sad waste of years;  
Like spring's sweet breath to flowers  
that droop  
Thy beaming smile appears:  
When'er the world may cast its care,  
When sorrow near I see,  
I fear no shade, for in my grief  
I turn again to thee.  
I dream of thee, &c.

## The Jolly Waggoner.

WHEN I first went a waggoning,  
A waggoning did go—  
I fill'd my parents' hearts full  
Of sorrow, grief, and woe,  
And many are the hardships  
That I have gone through.  
But sing, We! my lads, sing, We!  
Drive on my lads, I O!  
And who can lead the life  
Of a jolly waggoner.

It is a cold and stormy night;  
And I'm wet to the skin;  
But I'll bear it with contentment,  
Till I get to the Inn,  
Then I will get a drinking,  
With the landlord and his friends,  
And sing, We! &c.

Now summer it is coming,  
What pleasure we shall see!  
The small birds are a singing  
In every green tree;  
The black-birds and the thrushes  
Are whistling in the grove,  
And sing, We! &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,  
What pleasures we shall find;  
It will make the gold to fly  
My boys, like chaff before the wind,  
And every lad shall take his lass,  
And sit her on his knee,  
And sing, We! &c.

## Take back those Gems you gave me.

TAKE back those gems you gave me,  
I prized them but for thee;  
Thou art changed, and they no longer  
Possess one charm for me.  
Alas, they but remind me  
Of bright hopes passed away;  
Oh! would that they might banish  
The dream of yesterday.  
Thou canst not call me faithless,  
For never vow of mine  
Was breathed or lightly spoken,  
Say, was it so with thine.

Take back, &c.

And yet I'll not upbraid thee,  
My presence shall not throw  
One cloud upon thy pathway,  
One shadow on thy brow.  
Go, mingle with the thoughtless,  
And revel with the gay;  
Leave me the sad remembrance,  
That dream of yesterday.  
My last farewell is spoken,  
One sad word lingers yet;  
Although my voice might falter,  
My heart would say, forget.

Take back, &c.

## The moon is up.

THE moon is up, and in the sky  
The stars are shining bright,  
And every breeze that murmurs by  
Seems whispering with delight,  
Then, lover, roam with me afar,  
And listen to my sweet guitar.

The waters on the lake are clear,  
And there the moonbeams play,  
My little bark is waiting here,  
To bear thee, love, away.  
Then, lover, roam, &c.

Hark, hark! the gentle birds of night  
Warble their plaintive song,  
And swiftly o'er the water bright  
They seem to float along.  
Then, lover, roam, &c.

## Uncle Ned.

I ONCE knew a nigger, his name was  
Uncle Ned,  
But he's gone dead long ago;  
He'd got no wool on the top of his head,  
In the plate where the wool ought to  
grow.  
Hand up the shovel and the hoe,  
Lay down the fiddle and the bow;  
There's no more work for poor old  
Ned.  
He's gone where the good niggers go.

His nails were as long as the cane in the  
brake,  
He had no eyes for to see,  
He had no teeth to eat the oat cake,  
So he let the oat cake be.  
Hand up the shovel, &c.

On a cold frosty morning this nigger  
he died.  
In the church-yard they laid him low  
And the niggers all said that they were  
afraid  
His like they never should know.  
Hand up the shovel, &c.

## Scenes that are brightest.

Published by Cranmer and Co., Regent  
Street.

SCENES that are brightest:

May charm a while;  
Hearts that are lightest,  
And eyes that smile;  
Yet o'er them above us,  
Though nature beam,  
With none to love us,  
How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter  
The thoughts we fear,  
For though they flatter,  
They mock the ear:  
Hopes still deceive us  
With tearful cost,  
And when they leave us  
The heart is lost.

## Jeannot and Jeannette

Published by Jeffery's & Co., Soho Sq.

CHEER up, cheer up, my own Jean-  
nette, tho' far away I go,

In all the changes I may see I'll be  
the same Jeannot;

And if I win both fame and gold, ah!  
be not so unkind

To think I could forget you in the  
home I leave behind;

There's ne'er a lady in the land, not if  
she were a queen;

Could win my heart from you, Jean-  
nette, so true as you have been;

They must have gallant warriors!  
chance hath cast the lot on me;

But mind you this—the soldier, love,  
shall no deserter be.

Why, ever since the world began, the  
surest road to fame

Has been the field, where men unknown  
might win themselves a name;

And well I know the brightest eyes  
have ever brighter shone

When looking at some warrior bold, re-  
turned from battles won;

And you would put an end to deeds  
which ladies love so well;

And have no tales of valour left for  
history to tell;

The soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette  
then rail no more;

Were only kings allowed to fight, there'd  
be an end of war.

## When time first began.

When time first began,  
The first woman and man  
Had a terrible quarrel I've heard;  
To decide even then  
Whether women or men  
Had a right to maintain the last word.

'T was early one morn,  
They'd been just three days born,  
They got up under some peevish planet;  
How the storm first arose,  
There's nobody knows,  
But the world all agree she began it.

Of this quarrel of yore,  
I can tell you no more,  
Than this that it lasted 'till night;  
When as chronicles say,  
Ever at last found the way  
To prove to her lord she was right.

Since this, why men yield,  
When they dare take the field,  
Fancy I might conjecture;  
For though jangling all day,  
Men at night all give way,  
Dread of a long curtain-lecture

## My Scrumptious Molly Dear

THERE was a place in Grub Street,  
Wot I remembers well,  
And in a parlour next the sky,  
A slap-up gal did dwell.  
With sundry hugs and kisses, too,  
She us'd to slobber me;  
When I walked into her lofty crib,  
And jogg'd her on my knee.

Oh, Molly dear! oh, Molly dear;  
My scrumptious Molly dear!

When twelve o'clock was ended,  
'Come, hook it, Sam!' she said,  
And introduc'd me to the doory,  
Afore she went to bed.  
And gammon lots she pitch'd me there;  
Methinks I yet can see,  
Her gimlet eye, wot's buried low,  
In the Highgate Cemetery.

Oh, Molly, &c.

In the fever of my courtship,  
In the middle of my prime,  
The weakness of my stupid head,  
And the loss of all my time,  
When Molly's first love knock'd me  
dowry;

A trump, indeed, was she;  
So help her never! then, she said,  
She'd stic' like bricks to me!

Oh, Molly, &c.

Then can I this remember,  
And not never fail to prove  
My fumigating fondness,  
And conflagrating love.  
When your grave wants breaking,  
off' gal,

Why put your trust in me,  
And let your Sammy make your bed;  
Ah, as downy as can be,

Oh, Molly &c.

## The Wager.

(Tune—Over the water to Charley.)

TWO Paddies one day on a common  
had met;  
With some of their friends, rough and  
hearty;

They pummell'd each other, and some  
made a bat,

Paddy Rourke couldn't carry

M'Carthy.

By Jakus (said Paddy, shake hands;  
faint, I will

Take and carry him like a young  
donkey,

To the top of yon ladder, if he will sit  
still,

In my hod, what they call my poor  
monkey.

So philliloo, Pat, Paddy, Neill, Paddy  
Whack,

Irish, buttermilk, herrings, and  
whiskey,

You devils, come fight, eat and drink  
till you crack,

By de powers, St. Patrick was frisky.

They all march'd in order, and bold  
Paddy Rourke,

Fetch'd his hod, and in less than a  
minute,

He shoulder'd M'Carthy, who said,  
with a look

At the hod, 'By the powers, I'm in it,'  
The Paddies all round hail'd them both  
with a shout,

To the ladder as they were ad-  
vancing;

Some bawl'd out to Paddy, 'Mind  
don't spill him out!'

While many were laughing and  
dancing.

So philliloo, &c.

At the end of the common new houses  
were built,

And the height of them all was six  
story;

The ladies all howl'd Mister Mac, would  
be kilt,

But Mac in the hod was in glory.

Paddy Rourke on the ladder a few steps  
had trod,

When M'Carthy said, 'Faint, you  
will loose it.'

'Och, will I?' says Paddy, 'See, I've  
got the hod,

And you're in it; so fall if you chuse  
it.'

So philliloo, &c.

Paddy Rourke stepped it out, and he  
soon reach'd the top,

On the roof for his friends he was  
waiting;

They all up the ladder took whiskey to  
stop,

Just to spend the day on the new  
slating.

When they all arrived, the huge house  
top was cramm'd,

And they cheer'd Paddy Rourke as  
he cross'd it;

M'Carthy said, 'Faint, when half way,  
I be damn'd,

I was in hopes Paddy Rourke would  
have lost it.'

So philliloo, &c.

The house was just finish  
story high,  
On the roof very drunk and  
strolling,  
The weight of the lot made the  
all fly,  
And some down below were  
rolling.  
Poor Judy and Norah, and more of  
squad,  
Fell plump in a cistern of water;  
Paddy Rourke and M'Carthy dropp'd  
down in the hod,  
And were smother'd completely in  
mortar. So philliloo, &c.

## I saw her at the Fancy Fair.

I SAW her at the Fancy Fair,  
Where youth and beauty joyful met;  
The loveliest of the lovely there—  
Ne'er shall I that girl forget.

No one could pass her coldly by,  
Fairer than all she was, yet meek!  
Heaven was in her diamond eye,  
And roses crimson'd o'er her cheek.

To nature's gayest scenes she lent  
A sweet, a soul-enchanting spell;  
At home, abroad, where'er she went,  
How loved, how courted, none can  
tell.

'Mid dazzling splendour there array'd,  
She urged the sacred claims of woe,  
As gracefully her tresses played,  
O'er neck that mock'd the mountain  
snow.

## Aurora Appearing.

AURORA appearing, in grey mantle  
drest,  
The loud cheering horn calls the hunts-  
men from rest;  
Scarcely mounted and ready to start  
they appear,  
When the hallo; view hallo; salutes  
the fond ear;  
Then, spurring their coursers, none rein  
in for breath,  
But each fondly hopes to be in at the  
death;  
And, anxiously keeping the leader in  
view,  
Thinks already he hears cried the fam'd  
death hallo!

Past success, hope inspiring, the sports-  
man, ne'er yields,  
To the swift closing day, or the toil of  
the fields;  
Yet now cunning, renard oft doubles in  
vain,  
As panting, he doubles the uplands  
again;  
The hounds while he skulks, on him  
eagerly rush,  
And steady, our old whipper-in, bears  
the brush;  
Then the huntsmen, with pleasure, their  
triumph review,  
And the air's rent with shouting the  
fam'd death hallo!

## The Gay Coalheaver.

'Twas a dark cloudy night,  
And the moon gave no light,  
And the stars were all put in the shade,

When a Coaley named Mac,  
In a new fantail hat,  
Went courting his charming dust-  
maid.

With his heart in a flame,  
He went down Drury Lane,  
And a very short pipe smok'd he,  
But this Gay Coalheaver  
Thought himself no small beer,  
For I'm a good-looking covey, cry'd he.

I'm a good, &c.

He cock'd up his eye,  
As the house he drew nigh,  
Determin'd he would not be balk'd,  
At the door he did knock,  
But found it were not lock'd,  
So into the passage he walk'd;  
Then up-stairs went Mac,  
To the second floor back,  
But no one at home found he—  
"What is this in her room?"  
'Tis an old chummy's broom,  
And it never belong'd to me,"

This broom, &c.

You'd have thought, in despair  
He'd have torn out his hair,  
Or have jump'd off a three legged  
stool,

With a rope round his neck,  
Just to give it a stretch,  
But Mac wasn't quite such a fool:  
More sensible still,  
He of lish had his fill,  
And as homeward he trudg'd said he,  
"When a lady so soon,  
Jumps over the broom,  
She may go to the Devil for me.  
She may go, &c.

## Have faith in one another.

HAVE faith in one another,  
When you meet in friendship's  
name,  
For the true friend is a brother,  
And his heart should thro' the  
same,  
Though your path in life may differ,  
Since the hour when first ye met,  
Have faith in one another,  
Ye may need that friendship yet.  
Have faith in one another,  
When you whisper love's fond vow  
'Twill not be always summer,  
Or be always bright as now;  
And when winter time comes o'er,  
If some kindred heart you share,  
And have faith in one another,  
Ye shall never know despair.  
And when the winter, &c.

Have faith in one another,  
For should doubt alone incline,  
It would make the world a desert,  
Where the sun would never shine,  
We have all some transient sorrow,  
That o'er shadows us to day—  
But have faith in one another,  
And it soon will pass away.

Have faith in one another,  
And let honour be your guide,  
And let truth alone be spoken  
Whatever may betide;  
The false may reign a season,  
And oh! doubt not but it will—  
But have faith in one another  
And the truth shall flourish still.  
The false may reign, &c.

## Grasp of Friendship's Hand.

GIVE me the grasp that is warm,  
kind, and ready,  
Give me the clasp that is calm,  
true, and steady,  
Give me the hand that will never  
deceive me,  
Give me its grasp that I aye may  
believe thee.  
Soft is the palm of the delicate wo-  
man;  
Hard is the hand of the rough  
hardy yeoman:  
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters  
not—never;  
Give me the grasp that is friendly  
for ever!

Give me the hand that is true as a  
brother;  
Give me the hand that has harm'd  
not another;  
Give me the hand that has never  
foreswore it,  
Give me its grasp that I aye may  
adore it.  
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-  
ey'd maiden;  
Horny the hand of the workman  
o'erladen:  
Lovely or ugly, it matters not never,  
Give me the grasp that is friendly  
for ever!

Give me the grasp that is honest  
and hearty,  
Free as the breeze, and unshackled  
by party,  
Let friendship give me the grasp  
that become her,  
Close as the twine of the vines of the  
summer, (brother)  
Give me the hand that is true as a  
Give me the hand that has wronged  
not another;  
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters  
not—never;  
Give me the hand that is friendly  
for ever.

## I'm for General Joy.

SORROW'S a sniv'ling boy,  
Corporal Care's a bore.  
I'm for General Joy,  
His is a light-hearted corps.  
Sing fal de ral, &c.

Gaily my knapsack I slung,  
Marching where bullets flew fast,  
As loud as they whistled I sung,  
And home I came merry at last.  
Sing fal de ral, &c.

## Old Father Pat.

Tune—"The Irish Wedding."

OLD father Pat was blyth and free,  
He kissed the lasses daily, O,  
And his fame so run through Dons  
ghadee,  
There was none like him so gaily, O;  
For, day or night, 'twas his delight,  
Devoid of care or sorrow, O,  
With pae, sweet pae to wet his clay,  
And the devil may have to merrow, O.  
Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then father Pat was Judy's brat,  
The wife of Durfy's brother, O,  
And whiskey nailed his Queen for that,  
So he learned it of his mother, O;  
For day or night 'twas his delight,  
Devoid of care or sorrow, O;  
So come, says he, I'll cosy be,  
And the devil may take to-morrow, O.  
Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then father Pat he kept a school,  
But it was for more than thinking, O,  
For, lest his scholars' wit should cool,  
He kept them always drinking, O,  
Thus, day and night, 'twas his delight,  
Devoid of care or sorrow, O,  
To booze away, old Pat would say,  
And the devil may take to-morrow, O.  
Tol lol de rol, &c.

## Thou hast left me ever, Jamie.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever;  
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever.  
Often hast thou vowed that death  
Only should us sever,  
Now 'thou'st left thy lass for aye—  
I will see thee never

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken;  
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken.  
Thou canst love another maid,  
While my heart is breaking;  
Soon my weary eyes I'll close,  
Never more to waken, Jamie,  
Never more to waken.

## Dear Maid of my Soul.

DEAR maid of my soul, should I  
perish  
Where battle's rude discord speak  
loudly,  
The name of thy fond lover cherish,  
And let thy young bosom beat  
proudly;

My own banner over me wave,  
My broken shield over me fling,  
And carve on the oak o'er my grave—  
"The soldier who died for his king."

Yet, maid, when my life-blood is  
streaming,  
One tear to my last moment given,  
Like a star in thy blue eyes beaming,  
To me 'twere a foretaste of heaven!  
My own banner—&c.



### A Cobler there Was.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall,  
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,  
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.

Down derry, down.

Contented he work'd and thought himself happy,  
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy;  
How he laugh then, and whistle, and sing too, most sweet,  
Saying, Just to a hair I have made both ends meet.

Down derry, down.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,  
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;  
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart.  
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Down derry, down.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay:  
Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose every day,  
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Down derry, down.

He sung her love-songs, as he sat at his work;  
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk  
When ever he spake, she would founce and would sneer,  
Which put the poor cobbler quite in to despair.

Down derry, down.

He took up his all awl that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd:  
He peirc'd through his body, instead of his sole;  
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

Down derry, down.

And now, in good-will, I advise, as a friend,  
All cobblers take warning by this cobblers end:  
Keep your hearts out of love; for we find, by what's past,  
That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Down derry, down.

### All Mankind are Worms.

LISTEN, and I will tell you we are deceived by shows and forms?  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
All mankind are but worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,  
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!  
A while he crawls upon the earth,  
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,  
E'er since our grand-dame's evil;  
She first convers'd with her own kind  
That ancient worm the devil.

The learned we book-worms name;  
The blockhead is a slow-worm;  
The nimph, whose tail is all on flame,  
Is aptly termed a glow-worm,

The fops are painted butter-flies,  
That flutter for a day;  
First from a worm they take their rise  
Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows:  
Some worms sute all conditions;  
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worm beaus,  
And death watches physicians.

That statesman a worm is seen,  
By all their winding play;  
Their conscience is a worm within,  
That gnaws them night and day.

### Molly Mogg of the Rose.

SAYS my uncle, I pray now discover  
What has been the cause of your wees,  
That you pine and you whine like a lover?  
I've seen Molly Mogg of the Rose.

O nephew, your grief is a folly,  
In town you may find better progg;  
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,  
A Molly much better then Mogg.

Will-o'-wisp leads the travler a-gad-ding  
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog;  
But no light can e'er set me a-madden,  
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.

If I would not give up the three Graces  
I wish I may be hanged like a dog.  
And at court all the drawing-room faces,  
For a glance at my sweet Molly Mogg

### All Men are Beggars.

THAT all men are beggars we plainly may see.  
For beggars there are of every degree  
Though none are so blessed, or so happy as we,  
Which no body can deny, deny,  
Which no dody can deny.

The tradesman he begs that his wares you will buy,  
Then begs you'd believe that the price is not high;  
Swears 'tis prime cost, but he tells you a lye,  
Which no body &c.

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee,  
Though he reads not your brief, nor regards he your plea,  
But advises your foe how to get a decree  
Which no body &c.

The courtier he begs for a pension or place,  
A title, or ribband, or smile from his Grace,  
'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.  
Which no body &c.

The lover he begs the dear maid to comply,  
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languishing eye,  
Still begs he would stay, for a maid she cannot die.  
Which no body &c.

### Newspaper Novelties

I'm getting hypochondriacal,  
By ennui and the blues,  
And sulrey I should hang myself,  
If 'twas not for the news,  
Bring me the 'daily,' let me read,  
And try to scarce each vapore—  
Don't interrupt me while you see  
I'm wrapped up in the paper.

What's hear? 'a dreadful accident  
Oh lauk I must read that;  
At Meux's brewery a man.  
Dropt in a boiling vat.'  
Well, that makes good what I've oft said.  
For this explains most clear,  
That Meux & Co. contrive to have  
A body in their beer.

'This christmas time the floods are great,  
The rains in so have set,  
That all the roads are full of mud,  
The gutters full of wet.'  
Well, better for the scavengers,  
It is their christmas treat  
To find the currants plentiful,  
And pudding in each street.

'Last night a large fishmonger's shop,  
Cough fire near St. Paul's  
And one hour after, it had left  
Nought but the out side walls!  
Well, I see nothing much in this,  
Nor is't a piteous case;  
It saved much trouble in their trade,  
By gutting of their plaice!

'Last night in Astley's gallery,  
A man who tried to sit,  
In the first row, in rushing pitch'd  
Clean over in the pit.  
The managers are sorry.' Why?  
They ought to be in clover;  
It ti'nt every night they get,  
A full house and one over.

'Piloceman B, a poor man saw  
Upon the pavement sunk,  
Last night—and lifting him up, found  
He was not dead but drunk,  
This may be wonderful to some,  
But I see through things quicker,  
The man he merely proved himself  
A tumbler full of liquor.

### I'll not Beguile Thee.

I'll not beguile thee from thy home,  
For me thou shall not friends resign,  
Nor exiled from thy kindred roam,  
In poverty and grief to pine,  
To dearly do I love you;  
To dearly do I love thee.  
I'll not beguile thee from thy home,  
Oh, no, no, no,  
To dearly do I love thee.

In loosing thee I bid farewell,  
To every hope and every joy,  
Don't think with thee I wish to dwell,  
It would thy happiness destroy.  
I'll not, &c.

### Had she not care enough.

HAD she not care enough, care enough  
Had she not care enough of the old man?  
She wed him, she fed him, and to the bed led him,  
For seven long winters she lifted himon  
But ho! how she nigled him, nigled him,  
Oh! how she nigled him, all the night long,

5. any other

*and Accordion.*

Though you <del>excused</del> , last Sunday, to me, in the Mail, With <del>me</del> , from Deptford, and likewise with Sal, In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,	And only upbraided my Tom with a tear. Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more prized? For the heart that is true, Tom, should never be despised:	Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake, Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make.
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THE flowers are blooming, Katty  
darling,  
And the birds are singing on each tree,  
Never mind your mother's cruel snar-  
ling,  
My love you know I'm waiting for  
thee!

The sun is sweetly smiling,  
With his face so clear and bright,  
Haste to your lover, Katty darling,  
Ere the morning will change to night.  
Katty! Katty!

The flowers are blooming, &c.  
Meet me in the valley, Katty darling,  
When the moon is shining o'er the  
sea,  
Oh, meet me near the stream, Katty  
darling,  
And tales of love I'll tell unto thee ;  
When the twinkling stars are peeping,  
Sure those eyes shine far more bright,  
Oh, meet me in the valley, Katty  
darling,  
And our vows of love we'll pledge  
to-night.  
Katty! Katty!

The flowers are blooming, &c.  
Faith I'm smiling at your fears, Katty  
darling,  
Then say, for ne'er can be mine.

Trab! Trab!

ONE day while gently tiding,  
To reach my fair one's home,  
I found her fondly waiting,  
And when she saw me come  
She cried aloud with glee,  
"My lov'd one haste to me! —  
Trab, trab, trab, my gallant steed,  
And bring my dove to me."  
Trab, trab, &c.

With eager haste to her,  
My steed still faster flew;  
And thus I fondly answered  
Her—gratifying and true  
"My ever faithful fair,  
Why art thou waiting here?  
Trab, trab, trab, my gallant steed,  
My lov'd one's smiles to share,"  
Trab trab, &c.

We fondly talk'd, while sitting  
Beneath a pleasant shade;  
But who would care to listen  
To all the vows we made?  
Alas! too short the day,  
Her look no more is gay,  
Trob, trob, trob, my gallant steed,  
We now must bid adieu.  
Trob, trob, &c.

LIFE'S a bumper, filled by fate;  
Let us guests, enjoy the treat;  
Nor, like silly mortals pass  
Life as 'twere but half a glass.  
Let this scene with joy be crownd,  
Let the glass and catch go round.  
All the sweets of love combine,  
Mirth and music - ve and wine



### The Fairy Well.

A MINSTREL who loved the emerald glade,  
And knotted oak with friendly shade,  
In mid-day heat would go, they tell,  
To the grassy side of a fairy's well;  
And there, to the sound of the waters gay,  
Carolled a rollicking roundelay.  
And there, &c.

A maiden who loved, as maidens do  
The earth's bright green and heaven's fair blue,  
And the merry birds on fluttering wing  
Went forth in the woods to hear them sing;  
And came by chance, as a maiden may,  
Where the minstrel carolled his roundelay.  
And came, &c.

Their bright eyes met as bright eyes meet,  
In lonely wood or crowded street;  
She blushed as if she were doing wrong;  
The minstrel somehow forgot his song;  
But he asked her love and they named the day,  
In a very old-fashioned roundelay.  
But he asked, &c.

It seems that a caution remains to tell,  
Gainst singing oft at a fairy's well,  
For says in our music still bear part  
And play on the strings of a tender heart;  
And hence the proverb to elders known  
It's better to leave the well alone.  
And hence, &c.

### Mary is her Name.

THEY tell me she has gone away  
Far o'er the hills to roam,  
And left me here in solitude,  
To pine and die alone.  
But, if she loves as I still love,  
She will return again,  
She was my first and only love—  
Dear Mary is her name.  
She was my, &c.

They tell me she has gone away,  
In distant climes to dwell,  
And pledged her love, her lasting troth,  
To one she loved full well;  
Yet if she loves as I still love,  
She will return again,  
And happy make this heart of mine  
Dear Mary is her name.  
And happy make, &c.

They tell me she another loves,  
And soon will be his bride,  
And yet by every star above,  
She was my hope and pride;  
But if she loves as I still love,  
She will return again,  
And while I've life and power to seek,  
I'll call on Mary's name.  
And while I've life, &c.

### Dear halls of my fathers.

DEAR halls of my fathers! while  
Ye call up the spirits of happier days,  
Those days, ere the stranger had  
Called thee his own;  
When the frowns of the world were  
To the quite unknown;  
But ye are the halls of that proud  
Race no more,  
That vision of splendour for ever is o'er:

Yet still 'tis a pleasure to gaze on  
The scene,  
Where my childhood was pass'd,  
and my fathers have been.

The moonlight that streams on the  
ivy-clad walls,  
Now many a fond recollection recalls;  
The sighs of the zephyrs which float  
o'er the stream,  
Like the voices of friends to my  
memory seem:

Though sorrow and age have for  
many a year  
Ruled over my wand'rings since first  
I was here,  
Yet still 'tis a pleasure to gaze on  
the scene,  
Where my childhood was pass'd  
and my fathers have been.

Dear halls of my fathers! this  
night is the last,  
Which fate will allow me with  
thee to be pass'd;  
Far over the ocean to-morrow I  
roam,  
To seek from the stranger a land  
and a home;  
Farewell, then, for ever, my fa-  
vourite tree,  
In dreams I shall often look back  
upon thee—  
And visit in fancy each fondly  
loved scene,  
Where my childhood was pass'd,  
and my fathers have been.

### Her mouth with a smile.

HER mouth with a smile,  
Devoid of all guile,  
Half open to view,  
Is the bud of the rose,  
In the morning that blows,  
Impearl'd with the dew;  
More fragrant her breath,  
Than the flower-scented heath,  
At the dawning of day,  
The hawthorn in bloom,  
The lily's perfume,  
Or the blossom of May.

### Health to all good lasses.

HERE'S a health to all good lasses!  
Pledge it merrily, all year glasses,  
Let the bumper toast go round,  
May they live a life of pleasure,  
Without mixture, without measure,  
For in that true joys are found.

### And return to me again.

I RESIGN thee every token  
Which thou gavest unto me;  
And the links of love are broken,  
That once bound me unto thee.  
May no sorrow e'er invade thee:  
With the change that thou hast wrought  
My fond heart will ne'er upbraid thee,  
Though its ruin thou hast wrought.

Oh, I treasured thee; thee only,  
With a miser's doing care;  
Now, thou leav'st me, sad and lonely,  
To a life of deep despair.  
Couldst thou view, methinks, heart broken,  
Dequ'd to madness and to pain,  
Thou wouldst give me back each token  
And return to me again.

She has riches, she has beauty:  
I know well how they're prized:  
I had but my love and duty,  
Which thou couldst hast disprized.  
Yet how oft didst thou assure me  
Worldly wealth was not thy aim;  
That, if Fortune strive to lure thee,  
Thou wouldst love me still the same.

Ah! thy feeble vows were shaken,  
Though their power was strong o'er  
me,  
And I feel, that though forsaken,  
I can love but only thee.  
Leave me not then thus heart broken,  
Doomed to madness and to pain;  
Give me back each tender token,  
And return to me again.

### Dance upon the Lawn.

I SING the days, the merry days,  
To English hearts most dear,  
When good old English customs ruled,  
And reigned throughout the year.  
When merry lads and lasses met,  
And dailly toil was o'er,  
And grey-haired fathers watch'd their  
mirth

Beside the cottage door.  
Oh, there was joy in Briton's isle,  
And peace from night till morn,  
When our sturdy peasants' pastime was  
The dance upon the lawn.

Oh, those were days, were happy days,  
For England's peasant band,  
When pipe and fiddle merry sound  
Were heard throughout the land.  
When May-poles, deck'd with ribbons  
gay,

Stood forth in village green,  
And harmless mirth and jollity  
Beneath its boughs were seen.  
We join'd the happy cotter's thrang,  
Nor lad nor lass would scorn,  
To trip a measure gaily in  
The dance upon the lawn.

But though the days, those merry days,  
Long since have pass'd away,  
There still is plenty in the land,  
Then wherefore not be gay?  
If summer's glorious sunshine will  
The fruits and flowers restore  
I know not he who would not be  
As happy as of yore.  
Then, care away, we'll still be gay  
We'll laugh our toes to scorn,  
And once again we'll sport it in  
The dance upon the lawn.

### Down the Burn, Davy.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green.

And broom bloomed fair to see;  
When Mary was complete fifteen,  
And love laughed in her e'e,  
Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move  
To speak her mind thus free:—  
"Gang down the burn, Davie love,  
And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
That dwelt on this burn-side;  
And Mary was the bonniest lass—  
Just meet to be a bride.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white;  
Her een were bonny blue;  
Her looks were like Aurora, bright;  
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
What tender tales they said!  
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
And with her bosom played;  
Till bairn, at length, impatient grown,  
To be mair fully blest,  
In yonder vale they leaned them down:  
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
And naithing, sure, unmeet;  
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
They liked a walk sae sweet,  
And that they aften should return,  
Sic pleasure to renew:  
Quoth Mary—"Love, I like the burn,  
And ay shall follow you."

### One day I heard Mary say.

ONE day I heard Mary say—  
How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest Adonis, stay!  
Why wilt thou grieve me?  
Alas! my fond heart will break,  
If thou shouldst leave me.  
I'll live and die for thy sake,  
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
Has Mary deceived thee?  
Did ever her young heart betray  
New love, that has grieved thee?  
My constant mind never shall stray,  
Thou may believe me:  
Y'll love thee, lad, night and day;  
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,  
What can relieve thee?  
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?  
This breast shall receive thee.  
My passion can ne'er decay,  
Never deceive thee.  
Delight shall drive pain away  
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad—  
How shall I leave thee?  
Oh, that thought makes me sad!  
I'll never leave thee!  
Where would my Adonis fly?  
Why does he grieve me?  
Alas! my poor heart will die,  
If I should leave thee.

### You're a fine One.

YOU'RE a fine one, are you not,  
Thus to run a-gadding?  
Get you gone, you silly sot;  
Who set you a madding?

If a man to prison goes,  
How can you defend him?  
Why should you trust in your nose;  
Can such botchers mend him?

He that fights for fighting's sake,  
Is an arrant fury:  
As he brews so let him bake,  
Leave him to his jury,  
Fighting is the soldier's forte,  
Drunkards will be brawling,  
Hush, you baby!—that's your sort,  
Hark! your kitten's squalling.

### Oh! Wine is the Child.

OH! wine is the child of the star of the day,  
And, like the pale moon that feeds of his light,  
It sparkles most bright when its sire is away,

And burns like a god on the shades of the night.  
Oh! wine is the night's most brilliant star,

The star that awakes love's heart-thrilling bliss,  
That stirs the fair maid to the myrtle tree war,  
And lights in her heart the fire of bliss.

Then fill, fill, my friends, and drain the red bowl,

Till every eye beams like the mantling wine!  
Till the madness of love in each vein shall roll,  
And melt the soft maid and she sighs "ever thine."

### Sing, maidens sing.

SING maiden sing, mouths were made for singing,  
Listen, songs you'll hear thro' the wide world ringing,  
Songs from all the birds, from trees and showers,  
Songs from seas and streams, even from sweet flowers.

Hear'st thou the rain how it gently falleth?  
Hearest thou the bird who from forest calleth?

Hearest thou the bee over the sunflower ringing?

Tell us maiden now, should'st thou not be singing?

Hearest thou the breeze thro' the wild flower sighing?

And the small sweet rose song for song replying?

So should'st thou reply to the prayer we're bringing,

And that bud thy mouth, should burst forth in singing.

### We who the wide world.

WE who the wide world make our home;

The barren heath our cheerful bed;  
Careless o'er mound and moor we roam,  
And never tears of sorrow shed;  
But merrily O, merrily O,  
Through the world of care we go.

### Our hands have met.

OUR hands have met, but not our hearts,

Our hands will never meet again,  
Friends if we have ever been,  
Friends we cannot now remain;  
I only know I loved you once,  
I only know I loved in vain,  
Our hands have met, but not our hearts,  
Our hands will never meet again.

Then farewell to heart and hand,  
I would our hands had never met,  
E'en the outward form of love,  
Must be resigned with some regret;  
Friends we still might seem to be,  
If I my wrong could e'er forget,  
Our hands have joined, but not our hearts,  
I would our hands had never met.

### The Lute is sweet.

THE lute is sweet, but often sad,  
And sorrow's note, I'd fain forget;  
With pipe and tabor melody,  
Give me the lively castanet.  
Last night with Florio, in the waltz,  
His lips and mine together met;  
He whisper'd too, what I'll not tell,  
While tick tack went the castanet

The maids look cross, the lads all sigh  
But jealous whims they'll fast forget  
To deck with roses white my door,  
And dancing, ply the castanet.  
For soon my joyful heart will beat,  
Mid friends in bridal favours met,  
While wedding bells, soft jingling chime  
And tick tack went the castanet.

### Loch Eroch side.

AS I came by Loch Eroch side,  
The lofty hills surveying,  
The water clear, the heather bells  
Their fragrance sweet conveying;  
I met, unsought, my lovely maid  
I found her like May morning,  
With graces sweet, and charms so rare  
Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
While in my arms I press'd her!  
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
As fondly I caress'd her.  
She said, if that your heart be true,  
If constantly you'll love me,  
I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns,  
For nought but death shall move me  
But faithful, loving, true and kind,  
For ever you shall find me,  
And of our meeting here so sweet,  
Loch Eroch side will mind me.  
Enraptur'd then, my lovely lass,  
I cried, no more we'll tarry,  
But leave the fair Loch Eroch side;  
For lovers soon should marry.

### Rose shall cease to blow.

The rose shall cease to blow,  
The eagle turn a dove,  
The streams shall cease to flow,  
Ere I will cease to love.  
Ere I will cease, &c.  
The sun will cease to shine,  
The world will cease to move,  
The stars their light resign,  
Ere I will cease to love.  
Ere I will cease,

### The Slave.

Published by Jefferys and Co., Soho Square.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream —  
 I thought that I was free:  
 That in my own bright land again  
 A home there was for me.  
 Savannah's tides dashed bravely on,  
 I saw wave roll o'er wave;  
 But when in full delight I woke,  
 I found myself a Slave.

I never knew a mother's love  
 Yet happy were my days,  
 For by my own dear father's side  
 I sang my simple lays.  
 He died—and heartless strangers came,  
 Ere close o'er him the grave,  
 They tore me weeping from his side,  
 And claimed me as their Slave.

And this was in a Christian land,  
 Where men oft kneel and pray—  
 The vaunted land of liberty,  
 Where lash and chain hold sway.  
 O, give me back my Georgian cot—  
 It is not wealth I crave;  
 O, let me live in freedom's light,  
 Or die, if still a Slave.

### Farewell, thou City of my Fathers.

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

[Music—at Jullien's.]

FAREWELL, thou city of my fathers,  
 Thee I shall ne'er behold again;  
 I'd meet a death inglorious rather  
 Than live dishonour'd by a stain;  
 My shame will be a story  
 For my ruthless foe to tell;  
 Farewell, my land, my glory,  
 My noble name, farewell.

Farewell, thou hope so newly springing,  
 Hardly can I thy bliss resign;  
 Ye loved ones, fondly clinging  
 Around this weary heart of mine.  
 May life be bright before ye,  
 While I in darkness dwell,  
 Farewell, my land, my glory,  
 My noble name, farewell.

### Afloat on the Ocean.

[Music—at Jefferys and Co's.]

AFLOAT on the ocean my days gaily  
 fly,  
 No monarch on earth is more happy  
 than I;  
 Like a bright brilliant star my trim  
 bark seems to me,  
 As sparkling in glory she skims o'er  
 the sea.  
 The wave is my kingdom, all bend to  
 my will,  
 And fate seems ambitious my hopes to  
 fulfil.

Tra la la la, &c.

The sea was my birth-place, the morn  
 was all bright,  
 When from a proud galley I first saw  
 the light.  
 The land I first trod was the home of  
 the vine,  
 Hence, born on the sea, I doat on good  
 wine;

While I sail o'er the one, if the other  
 be there,  
 A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh  
 away care.  
 Tra la la la, &c.

### I must come out next Spring, Mamma.

I MUST come out next spring, mamma,  
 I must come out next spring;  
 To keep me longer at the school  
 Would be a cruel thing.  
 I'm just the age of Patty Page,  
 Who left us last half year;  
 And Emma Knight, that horrid fright,  
 Does not come back I hear.  
 I must come out, &c.

Last Easter ball, Matilda Hall  
 By many a beau was seen;  
 And it will be Epiphany  
 Before she is sixteen.  
 I've measured oft with Carry Croft,  
 Who's full two inches shor er;  
 And though 'tis known she's not full  
 grown,  
 She leaves the present quarter.  
 I must come out, &c.

To-day, I ween, I am sixteen—  
 Mamma, you know 'tis true;  
 By all I'm told, I'm much too old  
 For marching two and two.  
 These colour'd frocks—it really shocks  
 So tall a girl to wear;  
 I will not go to Pimlico  
 Again, I do declare.  
 I must come out, &c.

We walk a mile in double file,  
 Some twenty couples deep;  
 The coaches they to us give way  
 Just like a flock of sheep.  
 At six we rise with half shut eyes,  
 At two o'clock we dine;  
 Warm water mix'd with milk at six,  
 And go to bed at nine.  
 I must come out, &c.

'Tis true I learn of Oscar Bryne,  
 To waltz and gallop too;  
 Yet what the dance can be the use  
 Of dancing as I do?  
 My constant beau is Miss Prevost,  
 'Tis time I should demur;  
 We've danced till she is sick of me,  
 And I am sick of her.  
 I must come out, &c.

No more with bread and butter fed,  
 I'll burn my pinafore;  
 I'll leave off cake and cease so make  
 A curtsy at the door.  
 Mamma, indeed there is no need  
 To tease me longer so!  
 You cannot see a girl like me  
 Go back to Pimlico.  
 I must come out, &c.

### Spirits of the dashing spray.

Glee.

SPIRITS of the dashing spray,  
 Where the silvery waters fall,  
 In circling dance we play;  
 Pilgrims, that wandering stray,  
 Still hear our viewless call,  
 And sooth'd, pursue their way.

### Widow Machree.

[Music at Duff and Hodson's.]

WIDOW Machree, it's no wonder you  
 frown,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 Faith, it ruins your looks that same  
 dirty black gown,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 How altered your air,  
 In that close cap you wear,  
 It's destroying your hair  
 Which should be flowing & free;  
 Be no longer a churl  
 Of its black silken curl,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is  
 come,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 When everything smiles should a beauty  
 look glum?  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 See the birds go in pairs,  
 And rabbits and hares,  
 Why even the bears,  
 Now in couples agree;  
 And the mate little fish,  
 Tho' they can't speak they wish,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter  
 comes in,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 Why the shovel and tongs,  
 To each other belongs,  
 And the kettle sings songs,  
 Full of family glee;  
 While alone with your cup,  
 Like a hermit you sup,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with these  
 comforts I've towd,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 But you're keeping some poor devil out  
 in the cowl,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree  
 With such sins on your head,  
 Sure your peace would be fled,  
 Could you sleep in your bed,  
 Without thinking to see  
 Some ghost or sprite,  
 That would wake you each night,  
 Crying, och hone! Widow  
 Machree.

Then take my advice, darling Widow  
 Machree,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd  
 take me,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 You'd have me to desire,  
 Then stir up the fire,  
 And sure hope is no liar  
 In whispering to me,  
 That the ghost would depart  
 When you'd me near your heart,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

### A boat, a boat.

A BOAT, a boat, haste to the ferry,  
 For we'll go over to be merry,  
 To laugh, and quaff, and drink old  
 sherry.



## I'd be a Gipsy.

I'D be a Gipsy, merry and free,  
Roving abroad like the bird or the  
bee,  
Nought to controul me, sportive  
and wild,  
All thro' the summer day free as a  
child.  
What are the bright halls of splen-  
dour and pleasure,  
What are the saloons of the brilli-  
ant and gay?  
They cannot render the life-given  
treasure,  
That freedom and health to the  
rovers convey.

I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

I'd be a Gipsy, when the blue sky,  
Ting'd with the stars that shine  
brightly on high,  
The turf for my pillow, and all the  
night long,  
Lull'd to repose by the nightin-  
gale's song.  
Roving all day where the merry  
band wander'd,  
Telling the fate of the brave and  
the fair,  
Shunning the world and the wealth  
that is squander'd;  
With coin just enough to be free  
as the air.

I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

## A damsel stood to watch.

A DAMSEL stood to watch the fight  
On the banks of Kingslea Mere,  
And they brought to her feet her  
own true knight,  
Sore wounded on a bier.  
"O, let not," he said, "while yet I  
live.  
The cruel foe me take,  
But with thy lips one sweet kiss give  
And cast me in the lake."

About his neck she wound her arms  
And she kissed his lips so pale,  
And ever more the war's alarms  
Came loudly up the vale;  
She drew him to the lake's deep  
side,  
Where the red heath fringed the  
shore,  
She plunged with him beneath the  
tide,  
And they were seen no more.

## My Fatherland.

I HEAR them speak of my father-  
land,  
And feel like a mountain-child,  
When they tell of the gallant  
Yager band,  
And the chamois bounding wild;  
Of the snow-capp'd heavens that  
soar,  
Where the avalanches fall;  
And the chalet's joys when the  
chase is o'er,  
And the "rans de vache" they  
call.  
And when the tear would dim my  
eyes,  
I raise the Alpine lay;  
In the rapid's roar I drown my  
sighs,  
And dance my griefs away.  
La, la.

O'er the mighty Hudson's banks I  
roam,

Through our mighty forests stray,  
And breathe a sigh for that moun-  
tain home,  
And joys so far away.  
In thought, at eve, I join each  
sport,  
And the pastor's blessing share,  
With the maidens in their kirtles  
short,  
And the golden-bodkin'd hair.  
And when the tear would dim my  
eyes,  
I raise the Alpine lay;  
In the rapid's roar I drown my  
sighs,  
And dance sad thoughts away.  
La, la.

## Cookey Darling.

THE meat is roasting, cookey dar-  
ling,  
And the taters are boiling for me,  
But this nasty cruel dog is at me  
snarling.  
And I can't get down the area to  
thee:  
The gas-lamps are dimly burning,  
But my bull's eye shines so bright,  
Then hasten to your Bobby, cookey  
darling,  
And we'll have a jolly spree to-  
night.

Cookey, cookey, &c.

I'm as hungry as a glutton, cookey  
darling,  
For two days I've had nothing  
to eat,  
A slice of mutton, cookey darling,  
To me I'm sure would be a treat,  
The leg of a goose or a chicken,  
Or a nice little sop in the pan;  
Let me in the kitchen, cookey  
darling,  
We'll make the most of our time  
while we can.

Cookey, cookey, &c.

Meet me at the corner, cookey  
darling,  
When your missus is gone to her  
bed,  
Hasten to your Bobby, cookey  
darling,  
And then we will do as we said;  
For there I shall be waiting,  
With my truncheon in my hand,  
And if you'll lef'd me four-pence,  
cookey darling,  
A quartern of gin I will stand.

Cookey, cookey, &c.

Sure I'm laughing at your missus,  
cookey darling,  
When I think how astonished  
she would be,  
If she caught me in the kitchen,  
cookey darling,  
When she knew that on duty I  
should be,  
But the fire shines so brightly,  
And the night is cold and wet,  
Open the door, cookey darling,  
And quite jolly we will get.  
Cookey, cookey, &c.

## Glee.

MY wife's dead,  
There let her lie;  
She's at rest,  
And so am I.

## Have Faith in one another.

HAVE faith in one another, when ye  
meet in friendship's name,  
For the true friend is a brother, and his  
heart should throb the same;  
Though your path in life may differ,  
since the hour when first ye met,  
Have faith in one another, ye may need  
that friendship yet.  
Have faith in one another, when ye  
whisper love's fond vow;  
It will not be always summer, or be al-  
ways bright as now;  
And when winter time comes o'er ye,  
if some kindred heart ye share,  
And have faith in one another, ye shall  
never know despair.

And when winter time &c.  
Have faith in one another, for should  
doubt alone incline,  
It would make the world a desert, where  
the sun would never shine;  
We have all some transient sorrow, that  
o'ershadows us to day,  
But have faith in one another, and it  
soon shall pass away.  
Have faith in one another, and let hon-  
our be your guide  
And let truth alone be spoken whatever  
may beside;  
The false may reign a season, and oh!  
doubt not but it will,  
But have faith in one another, and the  
truth shall flourish still.

The false may reign, &c.

## The Cot where I was born

I'VE roamed beneath a foreign sky,  
Where beauteous flow'rets grew;  
Where all was lovely to the eye,  
And dazling to the view:  
I've seen them graced by night's pale  
star,  
Bedecked by radiant morn;  
But never found a spot so dear  
As that where I was born.  
But never found, &c.  
Can wealth or titles compensate  
The want of friendship's glow?  
Can gaudy pageant's earthly state  
So bright a gem bestow?  
To me such joys are cold indeed—  
They hold the heart forlorn;  
Give me the spot I love so dear—  
The cot where I was born.  
Give me the spot, &c.

## The Soldier knows that every Ball.

THE soldier knows that every ball  
A certain billet bears;  
And whether doomed to rise or fall,  
Dishonour's all he fears.  
To serve his country is his plan,  
Unawed or undismayed;  
He fights her battles like a man,  
And by her thanks he's paid.  
To foreign climes he cheerly goes,  
By duty only driven;  
And if he falls his country knows  
For whom the blow was given.  
Recorded on the front of day,  
The warrior's deeds appear;  
For him the poet breathes his lay,  
The virgin sheds her tear.

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Sung by MR. SIMS REEVES.



And now the cannons roar  
Along the affrighted shore,  
Our Nelson led the way;  
His ship the Victory named,  
Long be that Victory famed,  
For victory crown'd the day.  
Too dearly was that conquest bought,  
Too well the gallant hero fought,

For England, home, and beauty;  
He cried as 'midst the fire he ran,  
"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."  
At last the fatal wound,  
Which spread dismay around,  
The hero's breast received;  
"Heaven fights on our side,

The day's our own," he cried,  
"Now long enough I have liv'd  
In honour's cause my life was past,  
In honour's cause I fall at last,  
For England, home, and beauty!  
Thus ending life, as he began,  
England confess'd that every man  
That day had done his duty.

WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS  
NOW?

YOU have told me that you love me,  
And your heart's thoughts seem to speak;  
As you look on me so fondly,  
And the life-blood tints your cheek;  
May I trust that these warm feelings  
Never will grow cold and strange,  
And that you'll remain unalter'd,  
In this weary world of change?  
When the shades of care and sorrow—  
Dim mine eyes and cloud my brow,  
And my spirit sinks within me—  
Will you love me then as now?

Though our youth may pass unclouded,  
In a peaceful happy home,  
Yet as year on year advances,  
Changes must upon us come;  
For the stars will lose its brightness,  
And the hair be chang'd to grey,  
Eyes once bright, give up their lustre,  
And the hopes of youth decay.  
When all these have pass'd upon me,  
And stern age has touch'd my brow,  
Will the change find you unchanging,  
Will you love me then as now?

## THE MERRY ZINGARA.

I'm a merry, merry Zingara,  
From a golden clime I come,  
My passport is my guitar,  
Where'er my footsteps roam;  
I sing of love at the castle gate,  
And happy fortunes tell,  
I read in the stars the coming fate  
Of bachelor or helle.

Tra la la la, ha! ha!  
Where'er I call, I've a smile for all,  
The merry Zingara has a smile for  
all.

From my fatherland I'm far away,  
And my couch is some bower;  
Where calm I sleep till dawn of day,  
My pillow the wild flower.  
By twilight's grey a cottage door,  
When lovers I surprise,  
I tell how two young hearts adore,  
And read it in their eyes.

Tra la la la, ha! ha!  
Where'er I call I've a smile for all,  
The merry Zingara has a smile for  
all.

## DREAMING OF KATTY.

I was dreaming of thee, darling Katty,  
When you waken'd with that pretty kiss,  
I dreamt you was joyous and chatty,  
And sharin' wid me all my bliss,  
But now am I wakin' to sorrow,  
From me you're a goin' to part;  
Oh! stay wid me, love! or to-morrow,  
Faith and troth, I'll be breakin' my  
heart.

Why leave the sweet isle of ould Erin?  
To live on a wild stranger soil,  
Perchance to be wearin' and tearin'  
Yourself all to pieces wid toil.  
Then stay wid me, honey! don't leave me  
To battle through life all alone!  
Oh! stay, for the parting will grieve me,  
Oh! stay, and be bone of my bone!  
Now don't ye be after a cryin'  
And talkin' on so, — never mind,  
Tho' your father and mother are tryin'  
To persuade ye yer Darby's unkind.  
Now is it unkindness to wish ye  
To stay wid myself, ne'er to part?  
There's a kiss for my darlin' a smile,  
You're remainin' dearest nule of my heart.

## Who so happy as we.

WHO so happy as we, boys,  
Life for us gives all its joy,  
And life for us gives all its joy;  
Its joys are all in drinking,  
For good wine's a jolly soul:  
Fill, fill up your glasses,  
Toast and kiss the lasses,  
Hip, hip, huzza—hip, hip, huzza,  
Bumpers, lads—blaze away!

The miser he lives crying—  
The lover fondly sighing,  
A fig for all their dying,  
Good drink, there's no denying,  
Is a hearty jolly soul.

Fill, fill up, &c.

Sweet beauty fond caressing,  
Their cherry lips now pressing—  
Transports fill the soul;  
Yet all these joys confessing,  
Still give me the rosy bowl.

Fill, fill up, &c.

## Hail to thee Tyrol.

HAIL to thee, Tyrol,  
Dear native Tyrol,  
Land of the brave, the gallant, and free!  
Oft have I wander'd,  
Oft have I ponder'd,  
There is no country that's equal to thee,  
There is no country that's equal to thee!  
Thy sons are courageous,  
Thy daughters are fair;  
As fleet as the stag,  
And as free as the air,  
While the bright sword of liberty beams  
in the eye,—  
The pleasure that dwelt in my breast!  
Hail to thee, Tyrol, &c.

Oft by the fountain,  
High on the mountain,  
Fondly I've listen'd to hear the wild  
strain;  
Nightingales singing,  
Village-bells ringing,  
Peasants retiring across the wild plain,  
Peasants retiring across the wild plain;  
Matin or vesper,  
Welcome with joy;  
My happy heart  
Ne'er felt sorrow's alloy;  
So gaily I sang, no care did annoy  
The pleasure that dwelt in my heart.  
Hail to thee, Tyrol, &c.

## My Sister dear.

MY sister dear, o'er this rude  
cheek  
Oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing,  
When those mute looks have told the  
feeling  
Heaven denied thy tongue to speak;  
And thou hast comfort in that tear,  
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

And now, alas! I weep alone,  
By thee, my youth's dear friend, forsaken,  
Mid thoughts that darkened fears  
awaken,

Trembling for thy fate unknown  
And vainly flows the bitter tear,  
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

Published by Sirman, Exeter Hall.

## The Generous Farmer.

A JOLLY old farmer, once, soaking  
his clay,

At the door by the side of his dame,  
When there chanced a poor soldier to  
pass by that way,  
Worn out with fatigue and quite lame.  
Said the farmer, 'Friend, stop, and here  
you shall find,  
I'll be willing, with heart and with  
hand  
To relieve such as you; and, dame, to  
him be kind,  
For he is one who has guarded our land.'

'Come into my cottage—your spirits  
I'll cheer—  
Dame! bring the brave fellow some  
food,  
And draw him a mug of the best home-  
brewed beer,  
And let's try to do him some good:  
When a little refreshed he'll shoulder  
his crutch,  
And then show how, in battle, he'd  
stand.

Do whatever you will for him, you  
can't do too much;  
For he's one who has guarded our  
land.'

The poor soldier, well fed, once again he  
revives,  
And began of those days for to tell,  
When many brave comrades of his lost  
their lives,  
And how they all gloriously fell.  
'Huzza!' cried out Hodge, 'we'll ne'er  
let it be said,  
That my heart don't with feeling ex-  
pand;—  
This brave fellow shall ne'er want a  
morsel of bread;  
For he's one who has guarded our  
land.'

Said the farmer, 'Come, soldier, now  
give us a toast:  
'I will, sir,' replied he, with glee;—  
'May we keep from foreign invaders  
our coast,  
And may England for ever be free.'  
Come, soldier: here's mine; you must  
drink again;—  
'May our fleet by true Britons be  
mann'd;  
And while we drub the foe on the wide  
wat'ry main,  
May our soldiers defend us on land.'

## Primroses deck the Bank so green.

PRIMROSES deck the bank's green  
side,  
Cowslips enrich the valley,  
The blackbird warbles to his bride:  
Let's range the fields, my Annie.  
The devious path our steps shall bring  
To yonder happy grove,  
Where nightingales delighted sing,  
And zephyrs whisper love.

With sweetest flowers a wreath I'll twine  
To bind that modest brow of thine:  
My love shall banish ev'ry fear,  
And crown thee goddess of the year.

## A place in thy memory, dearest.

Music published by D'Almaine and Co.,  
Soho-square.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim;  
To pause and look back when thou  
hearest,

The sound of thy name!  
Another may woo thee nearer,  
Another may win and wear,  
I care not though he be dearer,  
So I am remember'd there.

Remember me not as a lover,  
Whose hope has been cross'd,  
Whose bosom can never recover  
The light it hath lost.  
As the young bride remembers the  
mother

She loves, though she never may see;  
As a sister remembers a brother,  
Oh! dearest, remember me.

I'd be thy true lover, dearest!  
Couldst thou smile on me,  
I would be the fondest and nearest  
That ever loved thee.  
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming  
That never must burst upon thine,  
And heaven, that made thee all blooming,  
Ne'er made thee to wither or pine.

Remember me, then, oh! remember  
My calm light love,  
Tho' bleak as the blasts of November  
My life will prove,  
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,  
If its brightest enjoyment should be  
A smile and kind word when we meet,  
And a place in thy memory.

## Maiden, why so sad and lonely.

MAIDEN, why so sad and lonely?  
Why those oft-repeated sighs?  
Is it hope deferr'd, or only  
Fancied woes that dew thine eyes?  
Young and lovely, all thy moments  
Ought to fleet on golden wings;  
And thy pure heart's rich endowments,  
Teach thee scorn of trifling things.

## Sparkle in the bow

(Part.)

IN battle some for glory seek,  
Where death terrific sways,  
While others hang on beauty's cheek,  
And sigh away their days,  
But we, more wise,  
Than sparkling eyes,  
That would enslave the soul;  
We know no joys,  
Like those, my boys,  
That sparkle in the bow.

Let love-sick swains the willow weep,  
And draughts of sorrow quaff;  
'Tis time enough to hail despair,  
When grown too old to laugh.

Let us be wise,  
Shun sparkling eyes,  
That would enslave the soul;  
And taste the joys,  
My merry boys,  
That sparkle in the bow.



## A Light Heart, &c.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
Who roams o'er the watery main!  
No treasure he ever amasses,  
Cheerfully spends all he gains,  
We're strangers to party and faction,  
To honour and honesty true;  
And would not commit a bad action,  
For power or profit in view.

### CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches  
Or any such glittering toys?  
A light heart, and thin pair of breeches  
Goes thorow the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
Wich plenty too often breeds strife,  
When terrible tempests assail us,  
And mountainous billows affright;  
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
But skilful industry steers right.  
Then why should &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers  
Who rules at the helm of the state,  
Then we, who to pol'ticks are strangers  
Escape the snares laid for the grate,  
The various blessings of nature,  
In various nations we try;  
No mortal then we can be greater,  
Who merrily live till we die.  
Then why should, &c.

## The Beautiful Maid.

I seek her on every shore,  
I seek her alas! in vain,  
In the cabin where oft we have met,  
On the waves of the white crested  
main;  
I have sought her alone through the  
world,  
My anguish I ne'er can control;  
She is gone, she is lost, she is dead!  
The beautiful maid of my soul.

I have sought in her desolate bower  
The lute which she loved so to play  
And the vase too she treasured is there  
But the flowers are faded away;  
So tombless, so withered my heart,  
My anguish I ne'er can control,  
I shall only behold her in heaven,  
The beautiful maid of my soul.

## Nay, Smile Again.

Nay smile again! tis joy to me  
To gaze on that fair open brow,  
And mark the silent witchery  
That breathes so sweetly round it now  
That smile again; its sparkling grace  
Recalls bright thoughts of happier  
years,  
Ere grief had dimm'd that joyous face,  
Or fill'd those soft blue eyes with  
tears.  
Nay, smile again, 'tis joy to me, &c.

Then smile again! such glorious  
light  
Is shed around that placid face,  
When sadness wings her sullen flight,  
And joy sits thron'd in beaming grace  
But smile again! Oh, smile again!  
For ere the passing radiance flies  
My soul would gaze, and gazing fain  
Find Heav'n within those lustrous  
eyes!  
Nay, smile! 'tis joy to me, &c.

## Rosa May.

Come, Darkie, listen unto me,  
A story I'll relate  
Which happened in a valley  
In Ole Carolina state;  
All down among the meadows,  
I used to mow the hay,  
And always work'd de harder  
When I thought of Rosa May.

### CHORUS.

Oh, dearest May, you are lubly as the  
day;  
Your eyes so bright, dey shine at  
night,  
When the moon has gone away

My master gabe me holiday,  
He said he'd gib me more.  
I thank'd him bery kinely  
And row'd my boat to shore;  
I thank'd him bery kindly,  
And row'd my boat to shore,  
Den down ribber I did go,  
Wid my heart so light and gay,  
To de cottage ob my own true lub,  
My own dear Rosa May.

We vow'd to lub each other long,  
As we alone did stray,  
And oft my merry banjo's song  
Was tun'd to Rosa May.  
De white man wid his spreading sails,  
Did bear my lub away,  
And now my broken heart bewails  
De loss of Rosa May.

I sat beneath de ole oak tree,  
Where I have sat for many an hour,  
A watching ob de humming birds  
That hop from flower to flower;  
I hab seen my boat upon the ribber,  
It leap'd so light and gay,  
And neber was so happy dere,  
As wid my Rosa May.

## The Jolly Beggars.

HOW blest are beggar-lasses,  
Who never toil for treasure!  
We know no care, but how to shair  
Each day successive pleasure.

### CHORUS.

Drink away, let's be gay,  
Beggars still with bliss abound,  
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,  
Whilst the sparkling glass goes round

A fig for gaudy fashions,  
No want of cloaths oppresses;  
We live at ease, with rags and fleas,  
We value not our dresses,  
We scorn all ladies washes,  
With wich thay spoil each feature;  
No patch or paint our beauties want,  
We live in simple nature.

No cholick, spleen, or vapours,  
At morn or ev'ning tease us;  
We drink not tea, or coffee;  
When sick, a dram can ease us,  
What ladies act in private,  
By nature's soft compliance,  
We think no crime, when in our prime  
To kiss without a licence.

We know no shame or scandal,  
The beggars law befriends us;  
We all agree in liberty,  
And poverty defends us,  
Like all jolly beggars we  
Thus, thus we drown all sorrow;  
We live to-day, and na'er delay  
Our pleasures till to-morrow.

## A Tidy Suit for all That.

Tune—"A man's a man for all that."

I'm remembered well—a slap-up swell  
With lots of cash, and all that—  
I used to quiz each lady's phiz,  
And sport 'em out and all that,  
And all this and all that,  
But I'm done brown for all that,  
With Crockford's crew my money flew  
But I skittles play for all that.

I used to dwell in Pall Mall,  
In a house up steps, and all that—  
With a porter tall to mind the hall,  
To take in notes, and all that,  
And all this, and all that,  
My feather beds and all that,  
But now I snore upon the floor,  
And I lay till twelve for all that.

I used to wear, I do declare,  
A slap-up coat, and all that—  
I made good for trade, though I never  
paid,  
But there's many swells do all that,  
And all that, and all that,  
Yet clothes I've got, for all that!  
The suit I've got cost me a pot,  
And it's a tidy suit for all that.

I had a cab, 'twas lined with drab,  
With a velvet seat and all that,  
My horse was brown, the best in town  
With a tiger smart, and all that,  
And all that, and all that;  
Yet I cab it still, for all that,  
For if one I find, I jump up behind,  
So you see I ride for all that.

I used to dine off goose and wine,  
And could'nt eat my meat fat,  
But it's turn about, for I go without,  
I live on air and all that,  
And all that, and all that,  
Feggot's, peas-pudding, and all that  
At the Carlton Club I used to grub,  
But I like Cann's soup for all that.

With patent boots like 'Romeo Coates'  
With nice square toe and all that,  
With good high heel for the spur of  
steel,  
To rattle about and all that,  
And all that, and all that,  
Yet boots I've got for all that,  
Though they've no sole, yet on the  
whole,  
The tops look well, for all that.

My gloves were black, without a crack  
But they're gorn to rack for all that,  
With my kerchief silk as white as milk  
When its wase'd and all that,  
And all that, and all that,  
But I use my cuff for all that,  
In life, says Robert Burns, ther'd's  
many turns,  
So a man's a man for all that.

## As I view those Scenes.

As I view those scenes so charming  
With fond remembrance my heart is  
warming  
Of days long vanished:  
Oh, my breast is filled with pain,  
Binding objects that still remain,  
While those days come not again.

Maid, those bright eyes may be im-  
pressing,  
Fill my heart with thoughts distressing  
By recalling an earthly blessing,  
Long since dead and pass'd away,  
passed away;  
She was like thee, ere death oppressing  
Sunk her beauty to decay.

## Reuben Rayne.

WHEN I was stolen from my home,  
And made a captive slave,  
They bound me with an iron chain  
I did for mercy crave;  
All day I wept, at night I cried:  
"Oh, send me back again  
Unto my own dear happy home—  
To my poor Reuben Rayne.  
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
No friendly voice to cheer me now,  
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
He'll never smile again."  
They sold me to a Christian man,  
Who, weeping, pitied me.  
He loosed the cruel bondage yoke,  
And kindly set me free.  
But no, I could not Reuben find—  
My own dear Reuben Rayne.  
They told me he was dead and gone  
And sleeping on the plain  
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart.  
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
He'll never wake again.  
All night I sat upon his grave,  
With anguish I did cry:  
Awake, awake, my love awake,  
O let me with you die.  
For in this wretched world of woe,  
I ne'er shall rest again,  
Until I'm sleeping by thy side,  
My own dear Reuben Rayne.

## Mary, the Maid of the Green.

IF beauty doth love to the bosom convey,  
Surely that passion must share,  
I gaze on thy, image dear Mary, to-day,  
And find all that's lovely is there,  
For Mary by each village swain is confessed,  
The fairest that ever was seen,  
Tho' humble her dwelling content  
is the guest,  
Of Mary, the maid of the green.  
Sweet Mary, &c.  
When first I beheld her sweet face,  
I confess,  
Her eyes so bewitchingly shone,  
I lov'd her, and ardently sigh'd to possess,  
Her heart in exchange for my own.  
I found 'twas a treasure not easily gained,  
From its dwelling so mild and serene,  
And 'twas long ere a promise of love I obtained,  
From Mary, the maid of the green.  
Sweet Mary, &c.  
Although she's bedeck'd not with jewels or lace,  
She needs not such trifles as those,  
Nor e'er need she add to the blush on that face,  
Which so many beauties disclose.  
No blush ever bloomed on the bud of the rose,  
So beautiful as Mary's was seen,  
I'd freely resign all the wealth in the world,  
For Mary, the maid of the green.

## When we two parted.

WHEN we two parted,  
In silence and tears,  
Half-broken hearted,  
To sever for years

Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,  
Colder thy kiss!  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this,  
The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow,  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame,  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.  
They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?

They know not I know thee,  
Who knew thee too well!  
Long, long shall I rue thee;  
Too deeply to tell.  
In secret we met,  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive!  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?  
With silence and tears!

## My sweet Village Maid.

WHEN I quitted the cot, that  
stands lone on the moor,  
Round the which play'd the  
breezes of health,  
'Twast to gain fair Anna, the nymph  
I adore,  
Abroad a snug portion of wealth.  
I told the sweet girl, when preparing  
to part,  
Of my constancy ne'er be afraid,  
Though distant, your image will  
dwell in my heart,  
For there reigns my sweet vil-  
lage maid.

Fortune's prosperous gales had now  
wafted me back,  
And I hasted my Anna to meet,  
While fancy portray'd, as I follow'd  
the track,  
With what joy I my Anna should  
greet;  
How her bright eyes would sparkle,  
approaching to view,  
When of presents my store I'd  
display:  
And touching her lips, whisper'd,  
these are for you,  
Yes, all for my sweet village maid.

I trudg'd, smiling thus, with gay  
pleasure my guide,  
When a shriek my steps onward  
did urge,  
I flew to the spot, saw, drove down  
by the tide,  
An angel embrac'd by the surge;  
I dash'd through the stream—  
brought her safe to the shore,  
On the bank where she gently  
was laid,  
Reviving, I saw the dear girl I  
adore,  
Ah, me, 'twas my sweet village maid.

## And this it was the chorus.

THE shepherd of the ocean is on his  
own domain,  
For gay his pennon floats aloft, he waves  
the deck again,  
His beard is somewhat grizzled, and  
his eye looks somewhat dim,  
But lightning only slumbers there, for  
soul burns bright in him;  
And on that massive pile of brow sits  
thought and power enshrined,  
The will, the fire, the constancy, that  
makes the almighty mind;  
And this it was the chorus, from voices  
frank and bold,  
Hurrah, Hurrah, right on we sail for  
glory and for gold.  
Hurrah! Hurrah, &c.

The poet, the historian, the soldier,  
statesman; sage,  
The first of dauntless mariners, the won-  
der of the age,  
Is forth once more to trample on the  
pride and pow'r of Spain,  
To win the land of light and gold, where  
the sun and he shall reign,  
And we his gallant comrades every  
choicest bliss shall share,  
The wine cup ever flowing, the bright  
banquet, and the fair,  
And this it was the chorus, &c.

The eagle was a captive, but he spreads  
his wings again,  
His flight is to the land of light, across  
the sounding main,  
The waves rejoice beneath him, the stars  
their influence shed,  
And fate and fortune own the pow'r, by  
which their might is led;  
His eye is on that blazing sun, to which  
our course we steer  
With hope and heart uplifted high, and  
with no touch of fear,  
And this it was the chorus, &c.

## Spring time of the Year.

THE spring time of year is coming,  
coming,  
Birds are blythe, are blythe and gay,  
Insects bright are humming, humming,  
And all the world is May, the—  
And all the world is May.  
The glorious sun is brighter,  
The balmy air is lighter,  
E'en woman when we meet her  
In this sweet time, is sweeter.  
The spring time of year, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,  
With fragrance from the balmy  
grove,  
And grateful youths are telling, telling  
Their happy tales of love—  
Their happy tales of love.  
Spring makes the pulse with pleasure  
beat,  
Spring makes the heart with new  
thrill,  
Spring causes men and maidens to meet,  
And deth with joy all nature fill,  
The spring time of year, &c.



## Drunk I was last night.

DRUNK I was last night, that's per,  
My wife began to scold;  
Say what I could, for my heart's blood  
Her clock she would not hold.

Fy, you sot, I ne'er can bear  
To rise thus ev'ry night;  
Though, like a brute, you never care  
What consequence comes by't.

The child and I may starve for you;  
No husband now to take our part;  
With grief I find, you're so unkind,  
In time you'll break my heart.

At that I smild, and said, Dear child,  
I believe you're in the wrong;  
But if't should be your destiny,  
I'll sing a merry song.

## Every man take a glass.

EVERY man take a glass in his hand  
And drink a good health to our  
Queen;

Many years may she rule o'er this  
land;

May her laurels for ever be green.  
Let wrangling & jangling straightway  
cease,

Let every man strive for his country's  
peace;

Rad, Tory, nor Whig,  
With their parties look big;  
Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,  
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name  
Let your enemies trembling see,

That a Briton is always the same:  
For our Queen, our church, our laws,  
and right,

Let's lay by all feuds, and straight  
unite;

Then who need care a fig,  
For Rad, Tory, or Whig?  
Here's a health to all honest men.

## Love and Friendship.

Fill the bowl with streams of pleasure  
Such as France's vintage boast;  
These are tides that bring our treasure  
Love and friendship be the toast.

First, then to dear woman approving,  
With bright beauty crown the glass;  
He that that is too dull for loving,  
Must, in friendship, be an ass,

Thus, by means of honest drinking,  
Often is the truth found out,  
Which would cost a world of thinking,  
Spare your pains, so drink about.

## Zeno, Plato, Aristotle

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,  
All were lovers of the bottle;  
Poets, painters, and musicians,  
Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,  
All admire a pretty lass,  
All require a cheerful glass.  
Every pleasure has its season,  
Love and drinking are no treason.

## By the beer as brown.

BY the beer as brown as berry,  
By the cider and the perry,  
Which so oft has made us merry;  
With a hey down, ho down derry.

## The Mighty Cup.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup  
As Warwick's vase of old;  
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,  
And chase it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with grog  
Up on the swelling brim,  
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,  
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave no battle on the sides,  
With war I've thought to do;  
I'm none of those that took the Sikhs,  
Nor was I at Waterloo.

Let it no name of planets tell,  
Fix'd stars or constellations;  
For I am not Sir Isaac Newton,  
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;  
Then add two lovely boys;  
Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,  
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,  
May drink and love still reign;  
With wine I wash away my care,  
And then to love again.

## A Bottle and Friend.

HERE'S to thee, my boy, my darling,  
my joy,  
For a toper I love as my life;  
Who ne'er baulks his glass, nor cries  
like an ass,

To go home to his mistress or wife:  
But heartily quaffs, sings songs, and  
laughs;

All the night he looks jovial & gay;  
When morning appears, then home-  
ward he steers;

To sleep out the rest of the day.  
He feels not the cares, the griefs, nor  
the fears,

That the sober too often attend;  
Nor knows he of a loss, disturbance,  
or cross,

Save the want of his bottle & friend.

## Proud Woman, I Scorn.

PROUD woman, I scorn you,  
Brisk wine's my delight;  
I'll drink all the day,  
And I'll revel all night:

As great as a monarch,  
The moments I'll pass,  
The bottle my globe,  
And the sceptre my glass:

The table's my throne,  
And the tavern my court;  
The landlord's my subject,  
And drinking's my sport.

Here's the queen of all joy,  
Here's a maiden ne'er coy,  
Dear cure of all sorrows,  
And life of all bliss;

I'm a king when I hug you,  
Much more when I kiss.

## Peter White.

Peter White that never goes right,  
Would you know the reason why?  
Would you, &c.

He follows his nose where ever he goes  
And that stands all a-wry, a-wry.  
And that, &c.

## Bacchus and Apollo.

TWO gods of great honour, Bacchus  
and Apollo,

The one fam'd in music, the other  
in wine,  
In heaven were raving, disputing and  
braving,

Whose them was the noblest, and  
trade most divine.

Your music, says Bacchus, would stun  
us, and rask us.

Did grog not soften the discord you  
make:

Songs are not inviting, nor verses de-  
lighting,  
Till poets of my great influence  
partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from  
melancholy,

Who ever grew fat at the sound of a  
string?

Rogues doom'd to a gibbet, do often  
contribute,  
To purchase a bottle before they do  
swing.

Then leave off your tooting your fiddlin,  
and fluting,

Aside lay your harp, and set down  
to the flask;

My joys they are riper than songs from  
a psaltery,  
What music is sweeter then sound-  
ing a cask?

Thus while they were wrangling, dis-  
puting and jangling,  
Came buxom bright Venus to end  
the dispute:

Says she, now to ease ye, Mars best of  
all pleas'd me,  
When he'd had a bottle, I was char-  
m'd with his flute.

The gods, struck with wonder, declar'd  
by Jove's thunder,

They'd mutually join in supplying  
love's flame;

So each, in their function, mov'd on  
in conjunction,  
To melt with soft pleasure the am-  
orous dame.

## The 3 Greatest Blessings.

FULL bags, a fresh bottle, and a beau-  
tiful face.

Are the three greatest blessings poor  
mortals embrace:

But, alas! we grow mackworms, if  
bags we but fill,  
And a bonny gay dame often ends in  
pill.

Then heigh for good grog, whose plea-  
sures ne'er waste;

By a bumper we're rich, and by two  
we are chaste.

## Jolly Mortals.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses;  
Noble deeds are done by wine;

Scorn the nymph and all her graces;  
Who'd for love or beauty pine!

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,  
And a thousand charms you'll find,  
More than Woman when just going,  
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,  
Drank about the council-board,  
Made friends, and gain'd the world by  
drinking.

More than by his conquering sword.

## Let us love one another.

Published by Hime & Sons, Liverpool,  
LET us love one another, not long may  
we stay—

In this bleak world of mourning some  
droop while 'tis day;  
Others fade in their noon, and few linger  
till eve—

Oh, there breaks not a heart, but leaves  
some one to grieve!

And the fondest, the purest, the truest  
that met

Have still found the need to forgive  
and forget;

Then oh! though the hopes that we  
nourish decay,

Let us love one another as long as we  
stay!

There are hearts, like the ivy, though  
all be decay'd,

Who seem to twine fondly, in sunlight  
and shade;

No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily  
they spread,

Undimm'd 'midst the blighted, the  
lonely, and dead!

But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not  
in part,

But with leaves closely round it, the  
root in its heart;

Exists but to twine it, imbibes the same  
dew,

Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish  
there too!

Thus let's love one another 'midst sor-  
row the worst

Unalter'd and foud as we lov'd at the  
first;

Though th' false wing of pleasure may  
change and forsake,

And the bright urn of wealth into  
particles break,

There are some sweet affections that  
wealth cannot buy,

That cling but still closer when sorrow  
draws nigh,

And remain with us yet, though all else  
pass away—

Then love one another as long as we  
stay.

## I Love but thee.

Published by Cramer and Co., Regent  
Street.

IF after all you still will doubt and fear  
me,

And think this heart to other loves  
may stray,

If 't must swear, then lovely doubter  
hear me;

By all those dreams I have when  
thou'rt away—

By every throb I feel when thou art  
near me—

I love but thee, I love but thee.

By those dark eyes where light is ever  
playing,

Where love in depth of shadow holds  
his throne,

And by those lips which give what'er  
thou'rt saying

Of grave or gay, a music of its own,  
A music far beyond all mortal playing,

I love but thee, I love but thee.

By that fair brow where innocence re-  
poses,

Pure as the moonlight sleeping on  
the snow,

And by that cheek whose fleeting blush  
discloses

A hue too bright to bless this world  
below,

And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,  
I love but thee, I love but thee.

## The Lily of St. Leonard's.

Published by Jefferys, Soho Square.

IN the days of happy childhood  
Pure and kind of heart was she;

As a child unto its mother  
Was that lassie then to me.

In the bloom of her young beauty  
We were proud to spread her fame;

And the Lily of St. Leonard's,  
Then, was worthy of her name.

And the Lily, &c.

Cold may be the gaze of others,  
But I cling to one hope yet:

I will not forsake the young heart,  
Nor its former truth forget.

For I feel, tho' clouds may hover  
O'er the sunshine of her frame,

That the Lily of St. Leonard's  
Will be worthy of her name.

## Together, Dearest, let us fly.

Published by Jefferys, Soho-square.

TOGETHER, dearest, let us fly  
The world's deceitful glare,

And quit its false deluding eye  
That smiles but to ensnare.

A heart like thine was never made  
For vain and glittering toys,

But in some sweet and rural shade  
To crown thy lover's joys.

But in some sweet, &c.

When summer floats on fairy wing  
Throughout the jocund day,

How sweet 'twill be with thee to sing  
The frowns of life away:

How sweet, when winter steals abroad,  
With thee my bliss to share;

Thy smiles will cheer life's dreary road,  
And banish every care.

Thy smiles will cheer, &c.

## A Life on the Ocean Wave.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,

Where the scatter'd waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep.

Like an eagle caged, I pine  
On this dull unchanging shore:

Oh, give me the splashing brine,  
The spray, and the tempest's roar.

A life, &c.

Once more on the deck I stand  
Of my own swift-gliding craft:

Set sail!—farewell to the land!—  
The gale follows far abaft.

We shoot through the sparkling foam  
Like the ocean-bird set free—

Like the ocean-bird our home  
We find far out in the sea.

A life, &c.

The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown;  
But with a stout vessel and crew,  
We'll say, let the storm come down!

And the song of our hearts shall be,  
While the wind and the waters rave,  
A life on the heaving sea,  
A home on the bounding wave!

A life, &c.

## When thou art near.

When thou art near!

One smile of thine, one sunny ray,  
Can chase the griefs that linger here

Like morning mists they melt away  
When thou art near.

When thou art near!

The birds their softest notes resume,  
The streamlet flows most pure & clear;

The flowers put forth their richest  
bloom

When thou art near.

When thou art near!

My lute, whose chords, if touched alone,  
Breathe saddest music to mine ear;

How grateful is its altered tone  
When thou art near.

When thou art near!

The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,  
The brightest hopes more bright

appear;  
And life is all one happy dream:

When thou art near.

## Sweeter vow was never spoken.

Published by Jullien, Regent Street

SWEETER vow was never spoken  
Than that faithful vow of thine,

Truer heart was never broken,  
False one, than this heart of mine.

I had paid thy best devotion,  
Not with homage idlers plight,

But with love as deep as ocean,  
But with truth as pure as light.

Fare-thee-well, though I might linger,  
Fearless now of greater woe,

'Twere not well the worldling's finger  
Mark'd the hand that struck the blow

So we part, nor deem I leave thee  
Curse or hate—despair is dumb:

Not one word I breathe to grieve thee,  
But be sure thy day will come.

## Woman rules you still.

VAINLY of superior wisdom  
Your proud sex make such a boast—

Tho' you'd fain despise our talent,  
Still we prove we have the most

King and peasant know our power,  
Own our worth in sorrow's hour

Say, or do, what'er you will,  
Woman, woman rules us still.

Say, or do, &c.

In all things 'tis we who guide you,  
You must follow where we lead;

If you frown, we but deride you,  
Still we're your best friends in need.

Those at court who seek promotion  
Must to woman pay devotion;

Say, or do, what'er you will,  
Woman, woman rules you still.

Say, or do, &c.

## The Vicar of Bray.

Tune—"My Master's Gun."

IN good King Charles's golden days,  
When royalty had no harm in't,  
A zealous high-church man I was,  
And so I got preferment,  
To teach my flock I never missed,  
Kings are by God appointed;  
And those are d—d that do resist,  
And touch the Lord's anointed.

### CHORUS.

And this is law, I will maintain,  
Until my dying day, Sir,  
That whatever party then shall reign,  
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the throne  
And Popery came in fashion;  
The penal laws I hooted down,  
And read the declaration;  
The church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution,  
And had become a Jesuit,  
But for the revolution.  
And this is the law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,  
To ease the nation's grievance;  
With this new wind about I steer'd  
And swore to him allegiance,  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance;  
Passive obedience was a joke,  
And so was non-resistance.  
And this is the law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our  
Queen,  
The church of England's glory,  
Another face on things was seen,  
And I became a Tory;  
Then George in pudding-time came  
o'er,  
And moderate men look'd big, Sir;  
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,  
And then became a whig, Sir.  
And this is the law, &c.

The illustrious house of Hanover,  
And Protestant succession,  
To those I do allegiance swear,  
While they can keep possession:  
For, by my faith and loyalty,  
I never more will falter,  
Victoria my lawful Queen shall be,  
Until the times shall alter.  
And this is the law, &c.

## With an Honest old Friend.

WITH an honest old friend, & a mer-  
ry old song,  
And a glass of good grog, let me sit  
the night long,  
And laugh at the malice of those who  
repine,  
That they must swig porter, if they  
cannot get wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,  
Nor scorn I a man for his lowly estate;  
But what I abhor, & esteem as a curse,  
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in  
purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless,  
and gay,  
Let's merrily pass life's remainder  
away:  
Upheld by our friends, we our foes  
may despise,  
For, the more we are envied the high-  
er we rise.

## Let's be Jovial.

LET'S be jovial, fill our glasses,  
Madness 'tis for us to think,  
How the world is rul'd by asses,  
And the wise are sway'd by chink,

Then never let vain cares oppress us,  
Riches are to them a snare;  
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,  
While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,  
And our sorrows quite forget;  
Come, let us fuddle all our noses,  
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim death is looking for us,  
We're carousing o'er our bowls,  
Bacchus joining in the chorus,  
Death be gone, here's none but souls

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,  
Trembling death away shall fly,  
Ever after understanding  
Drinking souls can never die.

## Let the night with mirth.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,  
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,  
But drink your glass, round let it pass,  
The bottle stands before ye:

### CHORUS.

Fill your glass, name your lass,  
See her health go swiftly round!  
Drink about, see it out,  
Let the night with mirth be crown'd.

If good grog be a blessing,  
This night devote to pleasure:  
Let worldly cares, and state-affairs,  
Be thought on at more leisure.

## Some say Women.

SOME say women are like the sea,  
Some the waves, & some the rocks,  
Some the rose that soon decays,  
Some the weather, some the cocks:  
But if you'll give me leave to tell,  
There's nothing can be compar'd so  
well,  
As wine, wine, woman and wine,  
They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,  
So is wine, so is wine;  
They make the statesman lose his skill,  
The soldier, lawyer, and divine;  
They put nonsense in the gravest skull  
And send their wits to gather wool;  
'Tis wine, wine, woman and wine,  
They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale?  
What is't that makes your looks  
divine?  
What makes your courage rise & fall?  
Is it not woman? is it not wine?  
Whence proceed the inflaming doses,  
Which set fire to your noses?  
But wine, wine, woman and wine,  
They run in a parallel.

## Man may Escape from rope.

MAN may escape from rope or gun,  
Nay, some have out-liv'd the doc-  
tor's pill:  
Who takes a woman must be undone,  
That basilisk is sure to kill.  
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the  
sweets,  
So he that tastes woman, woman,  
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

## Let Soldiers Fight.

LET soldiers fight for pay or praise,  
And money be the miser's wish;  
Poor scholars study all their days,  
And gluttons glory in their dish:

'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,  
Therefore fill us the cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,  
And in a lover's lock delight,  
And artificial colours wear,  
Pure wine is native red and white:  
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,  
That lively which before was dull;  
Opens the heart loves to save,  
And kindness flow from cups brim  
full.  
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some men want youth, & others health  
Some want a wife, & some a punk;  
Some men want wit, & others wealth;  
But they want nothing that are  
drunk.  
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

## What Cato Advises.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly  
wise is,  
Not always to labour, but sometimes  
to play;  
To mingle sweet pleasure with search  
after treasure,  
Indulging at night for the toils of the  
day.

And while the dull miser esteems him-  
self wiser,  
His bags to increase, he his health  
makes decay;  
Our souls we enlighten, our fancies  
we brighten,  
And pass the long evenings in plea-  
sure away.

See here's our physician, we know no  
ambition,  
For where's there's good grog and  
good company found,  
Thus happy together, in spite of all  
weather,  
'Tis sunshine and summer with us  
the year round.

## Thee, I Love.

THEE, I love, sweet Amaryll,  
More than goat the sunny-hill,  
More than doe its tender fawn,  
More than lampkin does the lawn,  
More than turtle does the wood,  
More than hen its chilly brood,  
More than swallow loves to fly,  
More than cuckoo dose to cry,  
More than daisy does the mead,  
More than Robin's flock to feed,  
More than watch-dog does to bark,  
More than tow'ring does the lark,  
More than roses love their red,  
More than banks a violet bed,  
More than lilly loves its white,  
More than nightingale does the night,  
More than wolf the flock to fleece,  
More than ant its winter store,  
More than lover e'er lov'd before,  
More than squirrel loves the hill,  
More than mortal tongue can tell,  
Or mind can think, or eye can see,  
E'er more than all things, I love thee.



## There's a good time coming, boys.

(COMIC)

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming,  
We might not live to see the day,  
But then our little babies may,  
In the good time coming,  
When every one will be so rich,  
With long purses come out stronger,  
Or work, catch any doing a stitch—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
When government will cease to ax  
Us for the blessed Income Tax!  
In the good time coming,  
Seven-pence saved in every pound  
Will make us come out stronger,  
Myself a new coat, spouse a gown—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
When all things English thro' the  
land  
Shall, 'stead of foreign, take their  
stand,

In the good time coming,  
When Royalty shall patronize  
The British Drama, stronger,  
And with Billy Shakespear fraternize—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
Wives will have no cause to say:  
"I'll not go out this shabby way,"  
In the good time coming,  
Husbands will not screwmize,  
But do the liberal stronger,  
And grant their dear wife's fresh  
supplies—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
When penny loaves will be un-  
known,  
And quarters so extensive grown,  
In the good time coming,  
Let your family be e'er so thick  
Say ten, or twelve, or stronger,  
I'll take a week to eat a brick—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
When not a woman in the land,  
Unmarried shall be left on hand,  
In the good time coming,  
Not one must be left on the shelf,  
(Excuse my language stronger,  
I'd sooner marry you all myself,  
[Spoken]—But then, ladies, you'd  
have to—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
When a Special Constable shall be  
A nat'l curiosity,  
In the good time coming,  
The only staff that shall be rife,  
(Wont the weak'uns pick up  
stronger?)  
Will be the crummy staff of life—  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
When Britains garden, say it we,  
From weeds sedicious shall be  
free,

In the good time coming,  
Peace shall guide the great machine  
The feeble from the stronger,  
We'll shield, and shout "God save  
the Queen—"  
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

## Where is the Rover.

WHERE, where is the Rover,  
Where, ah, where is he gone?  
I have sought him on the mountain  
I have sought him through the  
storm;  
I have wandered through the valley  
No voice replies to me.  
Where, where is the Rover,  
Where can the Rover be?

Still, still I love him,  
My passion proud to own.  
I live but to cherish  
The love I'll ne'er disown.  
I'll seek him in the valley,  
Though dark the tempest be.  
Where, where is the, &c.

## My Mother's Customs.

COME hither, bring the scrubbing  
brush, and throw away the slops,  
And you, Selina, comb your hair,  
and wash them dirty chops.  
Then go up stairs and make the  
bed, & double do wnth the clothes,  
Go, mend your father's breeches,  
and don't you pick your nose.  
And I'll go out and take a walk,  
because it is so fine—  
These were my mother's customs,  
and so they shall be mine.

Now go and pawn your father's  
boots, let's have a drop of gin,  
And if the tally-man should come,  
say I'm not within;  
Tell him—"Father's very ill, and  
likely for to die,"  
But mind to hold the door ajar, and  
pretend to pipe your eye;  
You can tell him I shall be done  
any night at nine—  
These were my mother's customs,  
and so they shall be mine.

Now clear away the dinner-things,  
and throw away those sprats,  
Be sure, don't put them in the yard  
—it encourages the cats.  
And, Johnny, you go out to play,  
but don't get in the dirt.  
And, Sarah, you can go down stairs  
and rub out your father's shirt,  
Don't rub too hard, but wring it  
dry, and hang it on the line—  
These were my mother's customs,  
and so they shall be mine.

Now Saturday night comes once a  
week, get out your father's chair,  
My chandler's shop score reckon up  
make no mistakes, beware.  
Don't tease poor father, let him be,  
don't you see he's got the blues,  
He's very tired, but still he knows  
we all must have new shoes.  
I think, my dear, you look quite ill—  
have you made much overtime?  
These were my mother's customs,  
and so they shall be mine.

## William was a seaman true.

YOUNG William was a seaman true,  
The darling of the bonny crew,  
For blythe he was, and kind;  
For though no lagging lubber he,  
Right forth he was to go to sea,  
For Jane he left behind,  
And Jenny loved, but all by stealth.  
Her father had much store of wealth,  
Of Will he would not hear,  
Till cruel chance at length revealed  
The passion they so long concealed,  
And William lost his dear,  
A friendly voice poor William hailed,  
A ruffian gang the youth assailed,  
'Twas done by cursed gold;  
The tender for the offing stood,  
The cutter skimm'd the yielding flood,  
They hatch him in the hold.  
She troubled walks the beach in haste,  
And troubled looked the wat'ry waste  
And by the floating wave,  
A corpse was washed upon the shore,  
'Twas William! and with tears the  
bore  
Two lovers to the grave.

## Why the world are all think- ing about it.

WHY, the world are all think-  
ing about it!  
And, as for myself, I can swear,  
If I fancied that heav'n were without  
it,  
I'd scarce feel a wish to go there.  
If Mahomet would but receive me,  
And Paradise be as he paints,  
I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!  
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.  
But why should I think of a trip  
To the prophet's aeraglio above,  
When Phillida gives me her lip,  
As my own little heaven of love!  
Oh, Phyllis! that kiss may be sweeter  
Than ever by mortal was given;  
But your lip, love, is only St. Peter,  
And keeps but the key to your heaven.

## "Child of good nature."

WHEN day was scarcely dawning,  
Against my window flew  
A lark one winter's morning,  
All chilled with icy dew;  
"O take me in, O take me in,"  
It seemed to say to me;  
"Dear child of good-nature,  
I shall live happy with thee."  
My window gently raising  
I quickly then withdrew;  
Soft notes the action praising,  
Within the warbler flew;  
When perched upon my glass it sang  
As if to say to me,  
"Dear child of good-nature,  
I shall live happy with thee."  
Many were the hours  
My little bird would sing,  
Ere it sought its native bowery,  
When blooming came the spring,  
When sitting by my door it sang,  
As if to say to me,  
"Dear child of good-nature,  
"I have lived happy with thee,"

## Happy Land.

HAPPY land! happy land!  
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,  
 Still again, still again,  
 My thoughts would cling to thee;  
 Land of love and sunny skies,  
 Rich in joy and beauty;  
 Merry hearts and laughing eyes,  
 Still make affection duty.  
 Happy land! happy land!  
 Ne'er from thee my heart can stray;  
 I would fain  
 Hear again  
 The merry mountain lay.

Li, li, la, la, &c.

Happy land! happy land!  
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,  
 Still again, still again,  
 My thoughts shall cling to thee.  
 Like that bird of love and song,  
 Far from its loved dwelling,  
 When into the wild air flung,  
 What joy his note is telling!  
 O happy land, happy land, &c.

## We Tars have a maxim.

WE tars have a maxim, your honours,  
 d'ye see,  
 To live in the same way we fight;  
 We never give in; and when running  
 We give hands the vessel to right.  
 It may be a lubber to snivel and  
 that,  
 If by chance on a shoal he be cast;  
 But a tar among breakers, or thrown  
 on a reef,  
 Pulls away tugs, and tugs to the  
 last.  
 With a yeo, heave ho, fol de rol, &c.  
 This life, as we're told, is a kind of a  
 cruise,  
 In which storms and calms take  
 their turn;  
 If 'tis storm, why we bustle; if calm,  
 why we booze,  
 All tant from the stem to the stern.  
 The captain, who in our own lingo  
 would speak,  
 Would say, "To the cable stick fast;  
 And whether the anchor be cast or  
 a-peak,  
 Pull away, tug, and tug to the last."  
 With a yeo, &c.

## Tell me, sweet sister.

\*TELL me, sweet sister, have you seen,  
 Earth's fairest child, the Flower Queen,  
 The snow-drop raised her lovely head,  
 To tell me winter old was dead.  
 'O yes, sweet sister, I have seen,  
 Earth's fairest child, the Flower Queen.  
 Hear you the wild birds, how they sing,  
 Welcome, welcome, lovely spring!  
 Hail, hail, hail! they gaily sing,  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome spring!  
 As from my fairy tower I saw,  
 The daisy deck'd her dress of dew,  
 And violets left their laces green,  
 To welcome Spring, the Flower Queen.  
 She comes, she comes! with shout and  
 song,  
 I see her tripping mid the throng;  
 While wood, and mead, and forest ring  
 With welcome to the lovely spring!

## Och! Norah dear.

OCH, Norah dear!  
 I'm waiting here,  
 I'm watching still for you, love;  
 And while you sleep  
 The flow'rets weep,  
 All shrin'd in tears of dew, love.  
 The sil'ry moon—  
 Its bright rays soon  
 Behind the hills will fade, love;  
 But better there  
 Her beauties bear,  
 For than her beams would shade, love.  
 Och, Norah dear, &c.  
 Och, Norah dear!  
 I'm waiting here:  
 The stars look cold and blue, love;  
 Their twinkling rays  
 Have come to gaze,  
 To see how bright are you, love.  
 The breeze that brings  
 Such balmy things,  
 From all that's bright and fair, love,  
 It sighs to sip  
 From thy sweet lip  
 The perfume that lies there, love.  
 Och, Norah dear, &c.

## My Boyhood's home.

THERE'S a peaceful spot in a quiet  
 vale,  
 Where the blackbird sings his song;  
 And the tuneful lark in the morning gale  
 Goes carolling along,  
 With a note so soft, and sweet, and clear,  
 That it seems to come from another  
 sphere.  
 That happy home, with its birds and  
 flowers,  
 And the stream that murmurs by;  
 And the tree, where in summer's sultry  
 hours  
 'Twas a luxury to lie—  
 Was the Eden of my early years,  
 And memory thinks of it with tears.  
 Oh, that childhood is a happy time;  
 I have never known a joy,  
 Such as when at morning I would climb  
 A young light-hearted boy,  
 Up the rugged side of that steep old hill  
 Where in fancy I am wandering still.  
 But the flowers may bloom, and the  
 birds may sing,  
 And I shall see them—never!  
 For fate comes mournfully whispering  
 That we're parted now for ever,  
 Though there I'd heave my latest sigh,  
 Though there, in death, I'd wish to lie.  
 What is this Heaven, of which so much  
 Is dreamed, and said, and sung?  
 Oh, if its pleasures should prove but  
 such  
 As we all have known when young,  
 And old haunts and friends we there  
 shall see,  
 What a realm of bliss, indeed 'twill be!

## I would wed, if I were not too young.

IN holy day gown, and my new fangle  
 hat,  
 Last Monday I tript to the fair;  
 I held up my head, and I tell you for  
 what

Brisk Roger, I guess, would be  
 there:  
 He wooed me to marry whenever we  
 meet,  
 There's honey, sure, dwells on his  
 tongue!  
 He hugs me so close, and he kisses so  
 sweet,  
 I would wed if I were not too young  
 Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on  
 the boy,  
 (The vixen would fain be his bride)  
 Some token she claimed, either ribbon  
 or toy,  
 And swore that she'd not be denied;  
 A topknot was bought her, and garters  
 of green,  
 Poor Susan was cruelly stung;  
 I hate her so much that to kill her with  
 spleen,  
 I would wed, if I were not too young.  
 He whispered such soft pretty things  
 in mine ear!  
 He flattered, he promised, and swore,  
 Such trinkets he gave me, such laces  
 and gear  
 That, trust me, my pockets ran  
 o'er,  
 Some ballads he bought me, the best he  
 could find  
 And sweetly their burden he sung:  
 Good faith! he's so handsome, so witty  
 and kind,  
 I would wed, if I were not too young  
 The sun was just setting, it was time to  
 retire,  
 (Our cottage was distant a mile,)  
 I rose to be gone, Roger bowed like  
 a squire  
 And handed me over the stile.  
 His arms he threw round me, love  
 laughed in his eye,  
 He led me the meadows among,  
 There, prest me so close, I agreed, with  
 a sigh,  
 To wed—for I was not too young.

## Go, lovely Rose.

(Walter.)

GO, lovely rose,  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How fair and sweet she seems to be.  
 Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied;  
 That, hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have, uncommended, died.  
 Small is the worth  
 Of beauty, from the light retired:  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush to be so admired.  
 Then die, that she  
 The common fate of all things rare,  
 May read in thee,  
 How small a part they share,  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.  
 Yet though thou fade,  
 From thy dead leaveset fra  
 And teach the maid  
 That goodness Time's rude  
 That Virtue lives when

## Wapping Old Stairs.

**YOUR** Molly has never been false she declares,  
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,  
When I swore that I still would continue the same,  
And gave you the 'bacco box mark'd with my name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,  
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?  
To be useful and kind with my Thomas I staid;  
For his trousers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall,  
With Susan of Deptford, and likewise with Sall,  
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,  
And only unbraided my Tom with a tear.

Why should Sall or should Susan than me be priz'd?  
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;  
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,  
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

## Heaving of the Lead.

For England when, with fav'ring gale,  
Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,  
And, scudding under easy sail,  
The high blue western land appear'd.  
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
"By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well known object kept in view;  
An abbey-tow'r, and harbour fort,  
Or beacon to the vessel true;  
While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
"By the mark—seven!"

And as the much lov'd shore we near,  
With transport we behold the roof  
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
Of faith and love a matchless proof,  
The lead once more the seaman flung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
"Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh!  
We shorten sail, she feels the tide—  
"Stand clear the cable," is the cry—  
The anchor's gone; we safely ride.  
The watch is set, & through the night,  
We hear the seamen with delight,  
Proclaim—"All's well!"

## Water parted from the Sea.

**WATER** parted from the sea,  
May increase the river's tide,  
To the bubbling fount may flee,  
Or through the fertile valleys glide.

Though in search of soft repose,  
Through the land 'tis free to roam,  
Still it murmurs as it flows,  
Panting for its native home.

## The Midwatch.

**WHEN** 'tis night and the midwatch is come,  
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main;  
Then sailors think of their far distant home,  
And those friends they ne'er may see again;

But when the fight, begun,  
Each serving at his gun,  
Should any thought of o'er your mind,  
We think but should the day be won,  
How 'twill cheer,  
Their hearts to hear,  
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind  
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,  
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,  
And sighs to think, how it may fare with you!

Oh! when the fight's begun,  
Each serving at his gun,  
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,  
Think only should the day be won,  
How 'twill cheer,  
Her heart to hear,  
That her own true sailor he was one.

## The Last Whistle.

**WHETHER** sailor or not, for a moment avast,  
Poor Jack's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast:

He'll never turn out, or will more heave the lead,  
He's now all a back, nor will his sails shoot a head;

Yet the worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel's a wreck,  
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck.

Secure in his cabin, he's moor'd in the grave,  
Nor hears any more the roar of the wave:

Press'd by death, he is sent to the tender below,  
Where lubbers and seamen must every one go,

Yet the worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel's a wreck,  
When he hears the last whistle, he'll gump upon deck.

With his frame a mere hulk, and his reck'ning on board,  
At last he dropt down to mortality's road,

With eternity's ocean before him in view  
He cheerfully pip'd out, my messmates adieu,

For the worms gnaw my timbers, my vessel's a wreck,  
When I hear the last whistle, I'll jump upon deck.

## Water Cresses.

**JACK** come home, his pockets lin'd,  
In search of Poll, his only pleasure:  
To Pickle Stairs his course inclined  
In her fair lap to pour his treasure;  
But scarce arriv'd at fam'd Rag Fair,  
Where the keen Jew the clodpole fleeces;  
His whistle turn'd into a stare,  
At "come who'll buy my water-cresses."

He starts and trembles at the sound,  
While now is heard, & now obstructed  
And now his hopes are all aground  
And now 'tis to his ear conducted:  
"Sounds," cried out Jack, "I know that phiz,  
But then such togs! they're all to pieces,  
Why it cannot be—damme, it is,  
'Tis Poll a bawling water cresses."

And now she's in his arms while he bids her relate fortune's reverses;  
The world turns faithless as the sea,  
And loads false friends in troops with curses,  
'Thy took,' cried she, 'my very bed,  
The stick they seized and sold in pieces,  
So to get an honest piece of bread,  
I cries who'll buy water-cresses.'

'Still art thou rich, my girl,' cries Jack,  
'And still shall taste each earthly pleasure,  
Thou'rt true though rags are on thy back,  
And honour, Poll, is a noble treasure;  
In this gay tog-shop, rig'd so neat,  
Ill fortune from this moment ceases;  
This said, he scatter'd in the street,  
Basket, rags, and the water cresses.

## Poll of Horsely-down.

**YE** landmen and ye seamen, be ye a-head or astern,  
Come listen unto me, and a story you shall learn;  
It's of one Captain Oakum, that you shall quickly hear,  
Who was the bold commander of the Peggy privateer;  
And he his colours never struck, so great was his renown,  
To never no one soul on earth but Poll of Horsely-down.

Miss Poll was a first-rate, trick'd out in flashy gear,  
And Captain Oakum met her as to Wapping he did steer,  
And as he stood viewing her, & thinking of no hurt,  
A porter passing with a load, capsiz'd him in the dirt;  
Then, taking out his 'bacco box, that cost him half a-crown,  
He took his quid, and heav'd a sigh to Poll, of Horsely-down.

He soon found out Poll's father, and dress'd in rich array,  
He got permission for to court, and so got under weigh,  
Miss Polly she received him all for a lover true,  
And quite enamour'd of her he quickly grew;  
He squir'd and convey'd her all over London town,  
Until the day was fix'd to wed Poll, of Horsely-down.

But Poll, she was a knowing one; as you shall quickly find,  
And this here Captain Oakum, why love had made him blind:  
One morning in her chamber he found a cockney lout,  
So Captain shov'd the window up, and chuck'd my gemman out,  
Then cock'd his arms a kimbo, & looking with a frown,  
He took a quid, and bid good bye Poll of Horsely-down.



## The Thrasher.

CAN any king be half so great?  
So kind, so good as I?  
I give the hungry food to eat,  
And liquor to the dry.  
My labour's hard; but still 'tis sweet,  
And easy to endure;  
For, while I go to thrash the wheat,  
I comfort rich and poor,  
And merrily sing, as I swing round  
the flail,  
My reward, when work's over, a jug of  
brown ale.

If from the wheat the bread is born,  
Our miseries to cheer;  
'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn  
Supplies us with the beer.  
Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,  
Our pleasures to insure,  
I for my neighbour's good was born,  
A baker and a brewer;  
For I bake, & I brew, as I fling round  
my flail  
To provide them with bread & a mug  
of brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,  
I work thus with such glee;  
For if for others I work bread,  
My labour's bread to me.  
For other mouths I must provide,  
My children must be fed;  
My wife, and some sick friend beside,  
Who cannot earn his bread.  
With these notions I merrily swing  
round my flail,  
My reward, when work's over, a jug of  
brown ale.

And when my mortal race is run,  
All toil and labour vain,  
A jolly thrasher shall be my son  
His crazy dad maintain.  
Thus will I work, & laugh, and sing,  
And at my thrashing toil;  
Unless I'm called on by my king  
To guard the nation's soil;  
Then, accustomed to thrashing, I'll  
swing round the flail,  
And thrash the proud foe, to secure  
my brown ale.

## A BUNDLE OF TRUTHS.

BARNEY Bodkin broke his nose,  
Want of money makes us sad,  
Without feet we can't have toes,  
Crazy folks are always mad;  
A farthing rushlight's very small,  
Doctors wear large bushy wigs,  
One that's dumb cannot bawl,  
Pickled pork is made of pigs.

### CHORUS.

List to what I've got to tell,  
A yard of pudding's not an ell,  
Be a brick and ne'er say die,  
A tailor's goose can never fly.

Patriots say they'll mend the nation,  
Pigeons will make pretty pies,  
Lawyers deal in botheration,  
A gun's too big for shooting flies.  
Irish whiskey's very good,  
Lundy Foote will make you sneeze,  
A barber's block is made of wood,  
Pepper's good with butter'd peas,  
List to what, &c.

White kid gloves a'n't made for pigs,  
Very seldom asses die,  
Plum-pudding is not made of figs,  
The Monument is very high.  
Jolly tars are fond of fun,  
"God save the Queen," we'll nobly  
shout!

And now good folks, my song is done,  
Nobody knows what 'twas a ut.  
List to what, &c.

## Joe of the Bell.

AROUND the face of blue-eyed Sue  
Did auburn ringlets curl,  
Her coral lips seem'd dipped in dew,  
Her teeth two rows of pearl.  
Joe of the Bell, whose wine, they said,  
Was new in cask as he in trade;  
His spouse—this nonpareil.  
"You keep the bar," says Joe to my  
dear,  
But be obliging, Sue,—d'ye hear?  
And prove to all who love good cheer,  
They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanced to alight  
Behind the bar to dine,  
And found sweet Susan's yielding lip  
Much mellow than her wine.  
As Joe stepped in, he stamp'd and tore,  
And, for the London beau, he swore  
He'd dust his jacket well.  
"Heyday," says Sue, "what's this I  
trow?  
You bade me be obliging, Joe;  
I'm only proving to the beau  
He's welcome to the Bell."

## Ah! Paddy, my Honey.

FROM great Londonderry to London  
so merry,  
My own natty self in a wagon did ride!  
In London so frisky, folks ride in a  
whisky,  
At Connaught they carry their whiskey  
inside.  
I jump'd from the wagon and saw a  
Green Dragon;  
I spied a Blue Boar when I turn'd to  
the south;  
At the Swan and two Throttles I tip-  
pled two bottles,  
And bother'd the beef at the Bull and  
the Mouth.

### CHORUS.

Ah! Paddy, my honey! look a'ter  
your money,  
'Tis all botheration from bottom to top.  
Sing didderoo daisy, my jewel, be aisy,  
This London, agra! is the devil's own  
shop.

The Baker-street wax-work was all a  
mere tax-work,  
A plan to bamboozle me out of my pelf;  
Says I, Mrs. Tussard, now dont you  
think 'tis hard,  
Your figures are no more alive than  
yourself.  
I ax'd an old Quaker the way to Long  
acre;  
With thee and with thou he so bother'd  
my brain;  
After fifty long sallies through lanes  
and blind alleys,  
I found myself trotting in Rose-mary  
lane.

Ah! Paddy, my honey! &c.

At night, O, how silly! along Picca-  
dilly,  
I wander'd, when up comes a beautiful  
dame;  
'Huzza!' says the lady, 'how do you  
do, Paddy?'  
Says I, pretty well, ma'am; I hope  
you're the same.  
A great hulking fellow, who held her  
umbrella,  
Then gave me a terrible thump on the  
nob;  
She ran away, squalling; I, watch,  
watch! was bawling;  
T' devil a watch was there left in  
my fob.

Ah! Paddy, my honey! &c.

## The Poor Young Man

'A lazy cadger I was born,  
To earn my bread I held it scorn,  
I found it far a better plan  
To act the dodge of the Poor Young  
Man.

### CHORUS.

Sing hey the serious poor young man  
Sing ho the serious poor young man!  
There's not game in all this land,  
Can beat the dodge of the poor young  
man.

With cedar pencils in my hand,  
Or sticks of sealing wax, I stand,  
"Soft Tommies" hearts I thus trepan,  
The decent serious poor young man.  
Sing hey, &c.

I'm ne'er caught begging in the fact,  
So don't infringe the Vagrant Act:  
And let the law do what it can  
Agin the serious poor young man!  
Sing hey, &c.

## Poor Joe, the Miller.

POOR Joy, the miller, loved good ale,  
And oft would spend his bob,—  
His wife, poor soul, did oft times rail,  
And swear she'd break his nob;  
They'd fight and quarrel—make it up,  
Each vowed they'd look it over,  
They'd kiss & sup, & take their cup,  
And then to bed in clover.

He ne'er would listen to advice,  
That his poor wife did give him,  
For nothing ere would him suffice,  
Like to the joys of drinking:  
One night he brought home pots of ale,  
And made his wife well fuddled,  
They kiss'd & hugg'd, she did not rail,  
But went to bed and cuddled.

And when the rosy morn appear'd,  
They went to work together,  
And laughed & joked till it came night,  
With hearts as light as feather;  
They then would both together sup,  
Together they would muddle;  
Drunk as sows, they'd leave their cup,  
And reel to bed and cuddle.

## Black Eyed Susiannah.

I've been to the east I've been to the  
west  
I've been to Indiana,  
There is no one there or any where,  
Like my charming Susiannah.

### CHORUS:

For she is black, that is a fact,  
That she is a black, that is a fact.

I've been to the east I've been to the  
west,

I've been to ole Carolina,  
Of all the gals that I lub best,  
Is my black-eyed Susiannah.

I once did love a pretty gal,  
A gal they call Miss Dinah,  
She lives away down in the south,  
Right down in ole Carolina.

I wrote a letter to my lub,  
It was down in ole Carolina,  
And every word that I did write,  
Was my charming Susiannah.

Broken hearted den I did feel,  
I was shocked in such a manner,  
I could not play de good ole tune,  
Till I married Susiannah.

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